



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 16

January 1, 2007

Special Features This Issue
“24th Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival”
“A Peek up the Pocasset” – “Plans & Kits Series”



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Here we go on a new year, already the shortest day of the year is behind us, as is the year end holiday season with all its distractions. Time now to look ahead to what this new year will bring to each of us. As I contemplated doing *Messing About in Boats* 24 more times before this new year ends I entertained notions of perhaps adding something new. But what? Nothing that would change the basic format, I am comfortable with it, as apparently are most of you who comment on it.

What I finally concluded was to commence a series about those people and companies who have been advertising plans and kits with us year after year. Plans and kits are integral to the dream of building one's own boat, a dream that is indulged by many of you. So, in each of the next dozen or so issues you will find a two-page feature on these people and companies, each an outline of what each offers together with their favorite design choices.

No doubt some of you have already looked into what is on offer on our pages for building plans and kits. Many have probably perused the offerings on the internet. As each of you so doing has in mind a certain sort of boat to build, perhaps you have not scanned the entire panorama. I dunno, and if what I bring to you in the coming months in this series is old hat, you can just skip past the two pages.

So who gets to go first in line? I contemplated alphabetical order and also length of time each had been advertising with us, but finally concluded to just draw names from a hat so it would be a random sampling. As you will see in this issue it was Fred Shell of Shell Boats who came out of the hat first, and I was pleased as Fred has been with us almost since the beginning, 20 some years ago, and also offers a rather comprehensive line of unique designs.

Some of our advertisers' designs and kits have been the subject of bygone feature articles, others have not, it has been pretty much due to who bothered to send us the information for publication. I have had personal contact with some, including going out on the water in one of their designs. To set up this series I just went ahead and requested the printed catalogs from each. It was encouraging that all supplied them without once suggesting that I go onto the internet

and look at their sites. They must have taken seriously my bygone remarks about not being on the internet.

I have already looked through each of the catalogs as they arrived, sitting in my easy chair after working and playing hours (whatever they may be from day to day) when I usually read for pleasure. So nice, no staring into that screen a page at a time, I could riffle back and forth handily through each catalog, comparing models and data. Yep, I still am a print media guy and am glad to see that print media is still available in today's electronic world.

I am still susceptible to that urge to maybe build a boat, even though I know, as I remarked a few issues back, that I am unlikely to ever again do so during what remains of my life. To build a boat properly one needs to focus on that project, putting aside other distractions. I have too many distractions in the form of things I want to do after what I have to do and what I ought to do have been dealt with sufficiently to indulge in some self-gratification. As I am now fading back to about a 12-hour work and play day before I try to get in some reading before sleep overtakes me, the time for a dedicated boat building project is simply not there anymore.

I do have one boat-related project on that back burner still awaiting its moment in the sun, it's a partially completed trimaran conversion (amas, akas, windsurfer rig) to go on my 21' Seda Tango double kayak. It's been waiting, with occasional short term nudges ahead, for several years now. Most of the parts are done (amas, akas, sail rig), what remains is mainly the fabrication of the hardware to mount the rig on the kayak hull in a quickly detachable way to preserve the kayak's paddling function. I need only to just go ahead and finish it.

Well, maybe it will happen this winter. The weather keeps me pretty much stuck indoors, I have the space to work in, and perhaps with friend Charlie's urgings to motivate me, we might indeed be ready next summer to not only enjoy paddling the Seda but also sailing it. I won't be needing a plan or a kit for this though, but still I have enjoyed looking over what our loyal advertisers have to offer to those of you with thoughts about building and hope that you do also through the winter and spring ahead.

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On the Cover...

A Marsh cat and an Abaco dinghy race for the finish in a windy Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival sailing race, two reports of the event are featured in this issue.



By Matthew Goldman

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Hamburg Cove is a sheltered, secluded, and quite unspoiled place. I probably shouldn't even tell you where to find it. I live in the next village over, a pleasant six-mile walk on a winding road through the woods. On the west side of the road, long stately drives lead downhill toward the water where massive houses look out over the river. There, that's all the hint I'm giving you.

Toward the end of the road, you emerge from the trees onto a breezy hillside cleared for dairy farming and a most magnificent view of Hamburg Cove. At the head of the cove nestles a village with a Congregational Church (what other denomination would you need?), the grange hall with its tiny fairground, a humble, two-bay firehouse, a cobblestone garage (your local Rover dealership), and a deep-water marina. From the little pier for transients and offloading, a short walk uphill leads to the family store.

This store has been presided over by a matron of the village since it opened in 1857. The same matron of the village. Her store contains dollhouses as well as comestibles and, in the corner, you'll find a few cartons of old, unreadable books. The scarred pine counter is long and deep and crowded with glass canisters. The lazy overhead fan creaks at every rotation. The wide pine floorboards creak response underfoot. You can buy a ball of string or a head of lettuce or penny candy or a tinted postcard depicting the local farmers getting in hay.

Outside the store stand two gas pumps. When I was a lad you needed to crank the handle and pump the gas yourself. The new pumps run off electricity, but if you expect her to come out and tend to your buggy, think again. You want service like that, you'd best go across the way to The Landing and honk your horn for Jimmy.

The Landing resembles the general store about as much as a horse resembles a hay rake. It caters to those people who like their comforts. It employs four people fulltime, more on weekends, and boasts a butcher shop, a liquor store (with a separate entrance, of course), and the tiny post office. You can purchase the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and little tins of caviar and pâté. On weekends the smell of warm scones and bread embraces you at the door. Sunday mornings the cars are so thick in the parking lot that you can't get near the gas pumps.

Down the hill behind the two stores the small marina bustles. The mechanic re-beds a stanchion on a Bristol 29 alongside the pier. A white-haired man applies an eighth coat of varnish to his dinghy. The boatyard dog employs himself by keeping a folded sail as flat as possible.

The water knows better than to cause a ripple that might disturb the few dozen elegant boats asleep on their moorings. The type of boater who makes a wake or has loud engines never seems able to find this cove on his chart. You aren't encouraged to raise your voice hereabouts, even a normal conversation carries across the water.

My Grumman canoe meanders the cove accompanied by swallows. I have friends who rent a cabin atop the hill beyond the farm accessible (with four-wheel drive) by half a mile of rutted tractor road by the water. Of course, once you tie your canoe to the elderberry bushes, you have to climb a steep footpath with your groceries, but when did a bit of heavy breathing ever hurt anybody? Another friend keeps his 30' twin hull houseboat in the cove. Being poor, he can't afford to moor at the marina but comes to some agreement with Uncle Ferris to anchor off the meadow just where the brook spreads out to join the cove, a lovely, secluded, idyllic spot where the grassy track peters out beyond the barns.

The channel from the cove out to the river spreads and constricts between Uncle Ferris's wooded hill and the low shore to the south where occasional reclusive homes and a summer camp shelter amid the maples. You would never notice the camp but for a boathouse overflowing with brightly colored canoes. Where you enter the river, a wooded island is hove to just offshore. On it stands a compact, half-timbered house. They sledged the building materials out to this island over the ice with oxen. But that was back before the glacier receded. Things have changed. When Hamburg Cove appeared as I've described it, my truck had running boards.

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Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Shot in the Dark

It is still dark when I get up to start my day. As I water the plants I listen to every car door in the neighborhood slam shut. Wait a minute, that can't be right, not everyone is going to leave at 6am. It must be a repetitive backfire from a truck in the beach parking lot.

Even in the predawn darkness I can feel the thick cover of fog that hugs the coast this morning. Knowing that fog can distort sound, I suppose the car doors or truck exhaust could be coming from anywhere on the hill.

Again the not so muffled slam sounds. Listening with the door open I can also hear ducks quacking, then another series of slams. It's not doors after all, but the yearly "Guns of November" across the harbor on Plum Island or out in boats.

This is beyond foolishness, how can you expect to shoot anything in the near night conditions that exist on the Sound this morning? I can barely see the houses across the road at 100'.

As the morning progresses it becomes a bit lighter but the harbor is still socked in. Visibility is so far reduced as to negate any lucky hits the hunters might get, they'll never be able to see where the fowl splashed down.

The season must have just started as this is the first sound of shotguns I have noticed.

A muffled rattle of an empty boat trailer and the low tone of an engine lumbering along in low gear tells me someone else is joining the fray. Not to disparage the people engaging in the sport, but it makes me curious as to the state of mind one needs to be in to put his boat into a cloud chamber that is being pierced with random birdshot particles. More shots punctuate the pea soup as the newcomer's engine sounds are swallowed up in the mists.

The silence between the possible three camps of shooters is suddenly broken by the high pitched squeal of a plastic safety whistle. "Tweet, tweet, tweet, TWEET! I can only interpret this code as "Don't SHOOT! HOLD your fire, I'm out here lost in the fog... I'm NOT a duck, DON'T shoot!" The colorful imagination that has been painting pictures and letting me see through the fog blanket has a reel of film running on the possible reasons for the distress call. Man overboard, running into the day beacon rocks, or hopefully just trying to navigate out in awful conditions and not get hit by another boat. Perhaps, as I first thought, letting the hunters know that they should hold fire.

A large flight of ducks and geese just flew over the cottage, heading inland or at least up the mouth of the Ipswich River to avoid the random mayhem out on the open Sound. The day has lightened more and a few tears in the fabric of fog along the immediate shore line allow me to see a glimpse of the mussel bed. There is a splotch of something lighter floating near the shoreline, with the mists still thick it is impossible to tell if this flotsam is one of the hunters' targets or just a bit of construction debris from the house above it.

Again a volley of shots rumbles in the distance, sounding like there must be a patch of better visibility on the Plum Island side of the bay. Luckily the local market is having a special on frozen duck, I wouldn't want to pin my dinner hopes on A Shot in the Dark.

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A Nearly Pefect Day

It is getting cooler out, but here in Texas we still get the occasional day in winter warm enough for a little boating. Last year, between Christmas and New Years, we had a pleasantly warm day. I spent the morning doing a little maintenance on my pirogue. In the afternoon I threw the boat on top of the van and drove to a nearby lake to do a little paddling. When I got home I found a new issue of *Messing About in Boats* in the mailbox. All in all, a nearly perfect day of winter boating.

Tim Cowden, Bryan, TX

Information Wanted..

U.S. Navy Signalmen

I'd like hear from any readers who were signalmen when the hoists were still used between ships in the U.S. Navy. I'm trying to get a book or chart of signal flags that shows hoists and what they mean.

I volunteered at a Harborfest last summer where the visiting tall ships all streamed the line of Dress Ship signal flags from bow to stern over the tops of the masts. However, I was disappointed that none of the ships flew a signal hoist below their yard arms. There were flag hoists stretched around the dock, but they were set up as spelling puzzles for kids who translated them with a workbook that was given out.

As I helped with crowd control I explained to visitors that signal flags were used singly and in special combinations, and not often as spelling, to communicate between ships in the fleet/squadron. I told them that when our minesweeper was working and we freed a mine, the signalman raised a special hoist on the side of the ship where the mine floated. The hoist told one of the escorting patrol boats to come over and blast the mine out of the water. The only other hoist I recall was the red Baker flag which was flown while we refueled from a tanker.

My hope is that if we publicize this part of Naval History the tall ships might start using the hoists at dockside.

By the way, as people paused in line to visit a tall ship, I would point to the stream of flags over the tops of the ships and say, "You probably think those flags spell 'hello, Cleveland!'" "Well, they don't," I'd add. And then I'd go into my flag spiel about dress ship and signal hoists.

I tried to get help about this from the U.S. Navy via its website but never got an answer.

Richard Ellers, 42 Central Pkwy, Warren, OH 44483

Information of Interest...

A Terrific Documentary

I have come across a terrific documentary film of an Attikamek Indian making a birch bark canoe in northern Quebec using traditional methods and materials. The film starts with chopping down a huge birch tree by hand and then shows all construction

details using natural materials such as spruce roots and gum. The film can be viewed online by searching for Attikamek Cesar Newashish. It is in color and is 57 minutes long. It is without sound except for a few Indian words, birds sounds, and a seaplane taking off. Enjoy!

Harvey Smith, Hampden, MA

Looking for a Book

While reading Jonathan Weinstein's sort of book review of *Looking for a Ship* by John McPhee, the light dawned on me that this must be another book by the author of the book I had just started, *Annals of a Former World*, which won the Pulitzer Prize for general non-fiction in 1999.

The *MAIB* book review was really a decrying of your local library for discarding their copy of *Looking...* and a criticism of libraries in general. I decided to see what John McPhee wrote about when he wasn't writing about geology if I could find a copy in my local library. But first I had to finish *Annals...* and that took me quite a while.

Yes, my Ramsey County Library System (Minnesota) had two copies but neither was at my local branch, so the next time I was over in Roseville I picked up a copy of *Looking...* and found it a much quicker read than his other book and as interesting. I was surprised that he managed to throw in references to geology twice in his narrative of life in the U.S. Merchant Marine ca. 1990. Anyone have the name of a newer book relative to the Merchant Marine? Is it still in the decline pictured in *Looking...*? Those of us who live inland get little media coverage of the shipping business.

James Broten, 3085 Labore Rd., St. Paul, MN 55109-1083

Opinions..

On Traditional Measuring Devices

Thank you so much, Carol King, for your recent highly informative article in the November 1 issue on traditional measuring devices. I tried making several of these following your excellent directions. I diligently sanded the cut for a long time. The 15 little marks between the larger marks proved an excellent means of measuring just how much of the device I was removing.

I found I could calibrate time even better than length with your traditional device. Five minutes of sanding with 120 grit paper removed one of the little marks. In 80 minutes of sanding, what I presumed to be a long time, I had removed one large mark's worth of little marks, or the equivalent of the length of the first joint of my big toe. The removal, by sanding with 120 grit paper, of three big marks worth of wood from the end of a strake would indicate that it was certainly time for lunch.

I believe your invention could lead to the invention of butt blocks, further assuring the perpetuation of the wooden boat building industry by adding yet more bits of wood to be fashioned in the construction process and, consequently, further obfuscating the already arcane processes involved.

My other comment concerns the traditional reindeer hair varnish brush you mention. I found it extremely enervating to chase our reindeer and attempt to pull out enough of his hair to fashion a decent brush. By nightfall of the first day, after 23 miles of constant pursuit, I had accumulated only 14 hairs and, on gluing these to a wooden handle, found they held insufficient varnish to do the job.

Furthermore, both of my badgers, whom I hired specifically to make me brushes, complained that I was taking work away from them and threatened to report me to the labor relations board. As good help is hard to find, I beg you will reconsider your materials list and not put decent, hard-working little badgers out of a job. One of my badgers is putting a daughter through college, the other has an ailing grandfather who lives with them. Just his medications every month cost nearly as much as one good badger hair brush.

I look forward with unmitigated glee to your next article.

Constant Waterman, Stonington, CT

About Ethanol Fuel

Using ethanol fuel is a futile exercise. First you will get only 64% of the energy of gasoline (mpg). The only way ethanol can cost the same as gasoline is by government subsidies (higher taxes). It takes about 70% more energy to make a gallon of ethanol than is in the ethanol (more cost). It makes food cost more. Already diversion of corn to ethanol has raised corn (food) prices. Ethanol cannot be transported in pipelines and has to be trucked to blending plants for local distribution. Ethanol produces much more carbon dioxide in its production than burning the gasoline it's intended to replace, but carbon dioxide is the basis for food for all life on earth as it's absorbed by plants.

Ethanol can provide only an insignificant amount of motor fuel without serious damage to food supplies. The same is true of biodiesel. Converting all of the vegetable oil production of the U.S. to biodiesel would provide only an insignificant 7% of current diesel fuel usage and would completely eliminate substantial food sources.

We need to stick with petroleum fuels. We can significantly reduce our dependence on imported oil by drilling deeper and in all areas off our coasts and in Alaska.

Our earth formed as a piece torn out of the sun. The sun provides our energy and determines our climate, overwhelming any puny effects of man. Even volcanic burps from earth's molten interior change climate far more than the mythical anthropogenic global warming.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

This Magazine..

Continues to be a Fan

I continue to be a fan of your overall approach to publishing and the subject of "messing about." It is precisely your habit of eschewing editorial cleansing and obfuscation that appeals to me about the magazine.

I continue to learn "how to" from reading detailed articles such as those of Robb White in the past, most recently about observing minute obstructions in "A Few Little Known Organic Hazards of the Sea".

Spencer Day, Milton, MA

This year's 24th Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival was held again, as always, on the first weekend in October. Although from my experience over the past few years it is not unusual to have a little rain and wind with the passage of a cold front, this year we were presented with an honest-to-goodness nor'easter. The storm began building on Thursday, with force 4-5 winds and incessant rain beginning Thursday night and lasting through early Saturday morning. A full gale warning was in effect beginning Thursday night, and on Friday there were reported gusts of 63 mph on the bridge tunnel at the mouth of the bay some 75 miles to the south.

Despite the weather, attendance was a healthy 350-plus people with around 125 boats. The only noticeable effect of the storm on the Festival was that fewer people camped out and a number of boats remained on their trailers.

I left for the 1,050-mile overland trip on Monday with my friend Larry Page, towing my 24' RD Culler Fantail Harbor Launch *Nancy Jeanne* (see *MAIB* March 1, 2003, Vol. 20, No. 20). This was my first real trip with her since her repair from damage suffered when a tree (which I had planted) fell on her during Hurricane Gabriel in 2001 (see photo). We made two days of the trip and arrived Tuesday afternoon to beautiful weather.



Nancy Jeanne after Hurricane Gabriel passed over Florida in 2001.

Nancy Jeanne today at the dock at the Festival.



I had several reasons for arriving early. First, I wanted to participate in the pre-Festival gunkhole sail/camp trip which occurs on Thursday with a Friday return. Second, who wants to drive that far for only two days? And third, I was anxious to visit my friends Worth Brown and his wife Kathy who were in the harbor with his recently completed cruiser. Worth had built it from the hull of a 32' Liberty Launch which was built by Uniflite during the Viet Nam War era.

Worth & Kathy Brown's converted Viet Nam era Liberty Launch, *Aloha*.



24th Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival Making a Week of It

By Turner Matthews

He did most of the work on the boat over a five-year period in Seattle. Although I had spent a memorable day with them on the boat in Seattle (Puget Sound, Lake Union, and Lake Washington all in one day) before the conversion began and had seen pictures of the progress, pictures seldom do justice to the real item. They hauled all ten tons of it from Seattle with their Ford F250 and a trailer Worth had built for this trip, arriving in Key Largo just in time to evacuate to St. Augustine ahead of one of the many hurricanes last season. When things settled down they returned to Key Largo and completed the finishing touches over the next several months. By Festival time they were at day 103 of their cruise to nowhere, having just returned from the Erie Canal.

Aside from the incredible workmanship, which I expected, the first thing I saw upon entering the cabin, which let me know you can cruise a small boat in complete comfort, were two matching recliner chairs which blended in perfectly with the small space. It reminded me of Robert Bebe's book, *Voyaging Under Power*, in which during their Atlantic crossing one of the crew never got out of his bedroom slippers except to sleep.

They are experienced sailors, having helped Worth's father, who was 86 at the time, bring back to Seattle a 55' schooner he had purchased in San Diego. Their original plan to return to Florida was to sail back by the Panama Canal in their 34' Chris Craft Apache sailboat. After reaching La Paz, Mexico, however, they were held there by the weather for several months. They finally escaped back to San Diego just in front of a hurricane (typhoon, to be correct). It was an interesting point to them on their trip that after they left La Paz and were in the Pacific heading for San Diego that the U.S. Coast Guard refused to give them an updated weather report. They finally received one from a Russian ship whose radio officer had overheard the exchange.

Upon a safe return to Seattle they began rethinking their dream plans and realized just how much protected coastal and inland cruising areas there are in North America. They are now truly messing about on a grand scale.

As for the Festival itself, I had brought the perfect boat in which to stay dry. In the usual Thursday morning meeting of those participating in the overnight trip, a consensus was reached that due to the building nor'easter (it was still sunny with only a fresh breeze when the meeting took place) we would abandon the usual destination of Dividing Creek off the Wye River due to its proximity to the mouth of the Miles River and the Chesapeake beyond, and go instead up the river to a more sheltered area. The destination was the home of Pete Lesh's parents (Pete being the organizer of the trip and the curator of collections for the museum). The one alternative no one discussed, but maybe should have, was a decision not to go at all.

In any event, five boats with 14 people set off in the early afternoon for the destination about five miles distant. The event always provides a chase boat so, despite the wind, waves, and size of the boats (12'-plus was the smallest, I believe), the main threat was getting very wet. In this particular cruise a 17' Wisp, crewed by Pete and the owner, Todd, broke the mast partners about two miles into the trip. Undaunted, they secured the rig and proceeded to row the remaining distance to the destination. The *Nancy Jeanne*, with four on board, cruised around, keeping an eye on things as a sort of back-up chase boat.

Ironically, the upper river was almost windless in spots for the last mile or so due to the blanketing effect of the trees on the shore. By late afternoon everyone had arrived and set about erecting tents, covers for the boats, and cooking gear under threatening skies. A big fire was soon started and the evening was enjoyed by all. By 10pm or so the sprinkles of rain were becoming heavier and more frequent. A gradual withdrawal to the tents and boats ensued.



Campout on the overnight cruise at Pete Lesh's family place.

As I previously mentioned, this was *Nancy Jeanne's* first big trip since she was crushed by a tree in September, 2001 and the repairs definitely altered her shape to the extent that her camping cover doesn't fit as well as it used to. Nevertheless we spent a fairly dry night aboard in relative comfort. As I checked the VHF weather channel periodically through the night, our area became covered by a gale warning with wind predicted at 30-35, gusting to 40, and rain throughout Friday.

A wet and soggy group gathered the next morning for breakfast cooked on the side porch of the Lesh's beautiful home by John and Vera England. As the wind increased a consensus was reached which, coupled with the fact that the chase boat was less than enthusiastic about coming out in the weather, resolved that the small boats would be trailered back with the 21' Celebrity class boat sailing back on Saturday. The *Nancy Jeanne* would return that morning.

The return trip was a little exciting as it was somewhat nasty, but the four of us stayed dry in the pilot house and under the camping enclosure with just the back flap open to see aft. I'm sure all the small boats would have safely made it back as to the wind and seas, but the rain kept up until late into the evening and there is only so much one should have to voluntarily endure.

We arrived back to find a number of boats still on trailers and the camping area filling up slowly. Several of our friends from the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez had arrived, including Bob Pitt, the museum boat

builder, and Paul Thomas, the president of our local TSCA Chapter. They had managed to cram Paul's 12' Atkin Nina skiff into the museum's Ford van while pulling Bob's Bahamian sloop on its trailer. The bow of the skiff went right to the dashboard between the two seats, which of necessity were in their most forward position, and I detected a hint of sardine oil when I met them.

The rest of the day was spent seeing old friends, helping unload and launch those boats whose owners were optimistic about the weather, and in general messing about around boats. The Raid Finland group was back and presented a very well-filmed documentary of the last Raid. The meeting room where it was presented was a warm, dry place to watch some very exciting small boat sailing and rowing.

Saturday dawned overcast and windy but dry. When we arrived back at the Festival there was an optimistic attitude prevalent. It is my understanding that this event has been rained out only one time in its 24-year history. There was steady improvement in the weather throughout the day as the nor'easter continued up the coast and out to sea. The festival began to liven up and soon the harbor and river were filling with the usual sight of small boats sailing and rowing in every direction.

The Saturday race for the sailing boats was held this year inside the harbor due to the still turbulent conditions out on the Miles River. The race committee, which always does a superb job, decides what the classes will be. This year there were three. Class One was a Lightning which got to sail by itself, there being no real possible competition for it. Class Two consisted of all boats with two or more masts, and Class Three was for the remaining single-masted boats.

The harbor course, which involved two laps around some buoys, made for great spectator watching. It was all rather confusing, what with three classes and staggered times, so I couldn't really follow the first two starts.

My particular interest was in *Abaco Girl*, a 14' Abaco dinghy restored and owned by the Florida Maritime Museum, which was being sailed by Worth Brown, Roger Allen, the director of the museum, and his friend, Beaufort Bob. In a NASCAR style race they were among the last over the start line, but by the last leg of the second and final lap they had worked their way into the lead. In a fast broad reach to the finish they were overtaken in the last 20 yards or so by *Obediah*, a 16' Marsh Cat which won by less than a boat length.

The day proceeded on with the rowing and paddle races as the wind continued to moderate. By the evening banquet time the tent was filled as usual with enthusiastic participants cheering on each and every award given, with particular applause for the staff which help made this the wonderful event that it is.

If you like small boats and enthusiastic and friendly people, you owe it to yourself to attend. Information is on the museum web-site at www.cbmm.org.



Rounding the mark in Saturday's foreshortened sailing race.



Obediah, a 16' Marsh cat overtaking Paul Thomas' 12' Atkins Nina Skiff.



A Bolger folding schooner heading out to sample the breeze.

Geoff Kerr's (Two Daughters Boatworks) Caledonia yawl in foreground, Bob Lavertue's (Springfield Fan Centerboard) new sailing canoe in background.





A nice bright finished St. Lawrence skiff on the float.



An Adirondack guideboat with all the gear a guide would have for catering to his client "sports" afloat



Beautiful Melonseed, hard the match those lines.



Aubrey J, sailing Whitehall built from John Gardner's lines from Mystic Seaport.

A proper over the road hauler for antique canoes, looks like a 1937-8 Chevy or GMC to me.



Todd and his daughter in his 17' Wisp, rowing required after breaking the mast partners on the overnight cruise



This year the weather was not so cooperative as in the past. Boat launching on Friday was very limited with the steady rain and some brisk wind. Most boats were on land under tarps or tents, as were most of the campers.

Saturday morning brought an end to most of the rain and gave those camping a chance to dry out with the help of the strong breeze that stayed around most of the morning. But then the wind moderated some and a couple of messers took to the water. That brought out a few more and by mid-afternoon the conditions were very good for messing about. Except for the lack of sunshine.

At 3pm the cardboard boat race got underway. Three boats were entered and two

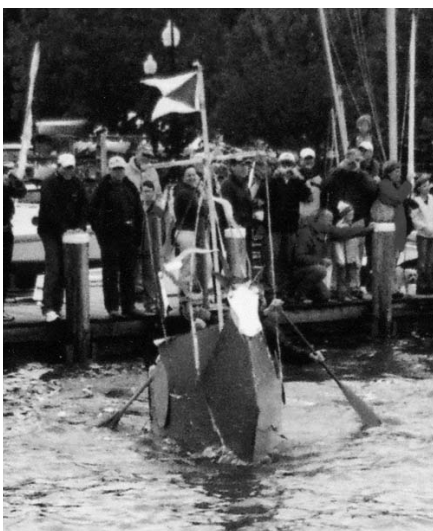
The Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival 2006 Another View

By Greg Grundtisch

finished. One tipped over and almost dissolved before it was dragged back up on the dock. Same for the skipper. The double ender was the winner. He kept it simple, using a canoe shape with a double paddle. He won in spite of the "Norse Horse," a Viking-looking design, using their "secret weapon," a card-

board sail. It might have worked, too, had they not paddled downwind at the beginning of the race. When they raised the sail she just blew further sideways. No centerboard. The design was impressive and so was the volume of duct tape used. Many museum visitors took pictures of it with their kids inside. Maybe there should be a permanent cardboard boat display at the museum. Maybe save the ones that don't turn to mush at the end.

There were quite a few boats that never got launched because of the reduced time left due to the weather. Rigging, launching, and retrieving would not allow for much practical sailing time. That just gave me the opportunity to look more closely at some of them in the parking lot. Some really nice ones, too.



Capt. Freddie B.'s *Sabot*, no it's not a Bolger design.



Above: Saga of the Cardboard Boat Race: Ready to launch at the dock; the Norse Horse at the start and revealing its "Secret Weapon," a cardboard sail, closing in on the finis; another entrant's ignominious finish.



Capt. Freddie explaining the persimmon and plum color scheme.



I finally got to meet Capt. Freddy B., aka Fred Bennett. He and his crew brought *Sabot*, a remarkable gaff rigged catboat. I always wondered why the little boat goes so well to windward. I now know. Notice the electric motor below the rudder. I found Capt. Freddy B. in the cockpit of another beautiful catboat. He was explaining to the curious that the trim color was not the traditional pink and purple. Nay, salty sailors, those are contemporary colors, persimmon and plumb. Jeez! It did have a wondrous look that was most appealing. You wouldn't think that of persimmon, would ya?

As a side note, Capt. Freddy B. was the one who found my uncle's long lost Danish-built sloop. He discovered it in a marina on Cayuga Lake, one of New York's Finger Lakes. I used to sail on this boat when I was

a wee lad. I still owe the good captain a handsome reward for finding her.

Back to the festival. There were various workshops and demonstrations available such as carving, sandal making, and cleat making, among others. I looked in on the oar building and took in the slide show of the Raid, a sailing and rowing race in Finland. There were hot dogs and drinks after. For kids there were model making, a three-legged race, and a scavenger hunt.

Saturday evening featured the awards and a big spaghetti dinner for everyone. I was told later there was beer and soft drinks as well. Had I been aware of that (beer), I would have stayed and not taken the lovely and talented Naomi to the "all ya can eat" blue crab feast down the road. She loves those crabs and can consume an amazing amount of

them. I stopped counting after several buckets. Jeez!

Saturday evening the keynote speakers, Sidney Dickson and John Hawkinson, presented a slide show of building their replica of a log bottom bugeye. We missed it. Naomi was still smash'n blue crab and time got away from us.

Sunday brought much better weather. The sun was out and the wind was breezy enough for sailing. The canoes and rowboats had a perfect day. Overall it was another terrific festival, even with the poor weather early on. The staff was most helpful and friendly and did a great job under some trying conditions. This is a grand place to mess about in boats. It just gets better all the time. Happy sails!



Kids chase boat following one of their models.



Kids going at it in full (kid) size boats.



Very small boats, a plastic one afloat (rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub) and a beautifully built wooden one ashore.



The Havre de Grace Museum crew at work on canoe restorations sheltered from the weather.



Sandbagger Days

By Mike Wick
Photos by Andy Slavinskis

A number of DV-TSCA members recently trekked to Toms River for a rare opportunity to sail in a replica sandbagger. Sandbaggers were sail-powered 19th century work boats, strong and simply built, and could carry a significant cargo of oysters or other products.

Despite the fact that they were work boats, the sandbaggers were casually raced. Initially cargo moved to windward offered better performance, later it was sand bags, hence their name. Water bags are typically used today.

In recent years sandbaggers of all different sizes have been built for general recreation, racing, and historical purposes. They were built at a number of locations and are generally found in the Midwest and eastern portions of the country.

Most recently stockbroker Peter Kellogg inspired and funded the building of two sandbaggers, *Bull* and *Bear*, at the Workshop on the Water in Philadelphia's Independence Seaport Museum. The plans were drawn by John Brady, who also led the building project helped by shipwrights Newt Kirkland, Bob Ranson, and Sean Corson.

More info at www.sandbagger.org.

The sandbagger *Bear* at anchor.



The sandbagger *Bull* under a full cloud of canvas.

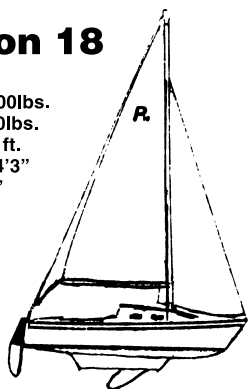
Bull shows her skirts on a close reach.



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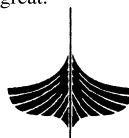
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Schooners heading for the first mark on Sunday morning. (Marla Surgent Photo)

On Friday, September 22, all was ready for the arrival of our competitors at the Calvert Marine Museum in Solomons, Maryland, with Alan Suydam manning the Registration Desk at 8am. Annie Michnowicz and her team, Karen Garren and Nan Suydam, had prepared the Welcome Folders, name tags had been added, as had the last minute updates to the Captains and Crew roster.

Len Addiss had the course marker buoys in place in concert with Don Prescott, the Captain of the *Tennison*, so that he would not have a problem maneuvering in the course area. We were ready for the practice sailing to begin.

The tables were in place in the Patuxent Small Craft Center so that the models could be displayed and worked on handily, all except for the Dick and Tom Pratt and Andrew Charters big schooners which each had its own wheeled carrier.

After registration the first official part of the 2006 Traditional Watercraft Regatta was the Welcoming Social Hour. Annie and Richard were in charge of getting it all together and together it was. Wonderful canapés from Annie's helpers made it almost supper. Richard's selection of wine and beer helped make the party at the cheerful Calvert Marine Museum a great welcoming for our out-of-town guests.

On Saturday the Skippers' Meeting was early so that we could maximize our time on the race course. Having reduced the number of classes from six in 2005 to four in 2006 allowed us to schedule many more races for our competitors. We were able to use our "Arrowhead" course again this year. Unfortunately, the wind was from the west which gave us a downwind start. The chase boat was manned and ready. Ken Stout and Jon Dann were poised and ready for action. More about the racing follows.

Saturday evening we all gathered at the Solomons Island Yacht Club for the Regatta Cookout. The fire was hot and the steaks and chicken were delicious. Sandy and Tom Younger brought the Regatta Cake for dessert. All hands seem to enjoy themselves and no one was burned by the fire. Thanks to Kay McClellan, Annie Michnowicz, and Richard Rogers (the fire tender among other things) for their help in getting the dinner on the table. The "Seaworthy Small Ships" sailing in the center of the table was compliments of Marla and George Surgent with the finishing work by Sandy and Kay.

US Vintage Model Yacht Group Traditional Watercraft Regatta

On Sunday we again started our racing early so that our competitors could get headed homeward on the road past Dover, Delaware, before the NASCAR races ended. The sailing on Sunday allowed us to make up for the cancellation of some of the racing on Saturday afternoon. The models had experienced winds of scale hurricane force on Saturday. During the noon break we enjoyed a delicious lunch prepared under the guidance of Janet Addiss and Nan Suydam.

Following lunch the SIMBC Victorias came out and six of the ladies took the helms for the Powder Puff Regatta. Four tough heats were sailed in the Museum Boat Basin. Marla Surgent led home Diane Cieri and Marthellen Hoffman, Susan Querin and Kay McClellan.

The first class to sail in this year's regatta was the large schooners, nine were registered. The wind was forecast to be 10-15kts with gusts to 20kts as a cold front was approaching. The wind was already building when the large schooners took to the water just before 9am. Most of the other skippers were keen observers of the racing to judge how the building wind conditions affected the largest models to sail in the regatta.

The large schooner class had a very diverse collection of boats ranging from the 6' schooners of Tom and Dick Pratt (two beautiful *Bluenose* models) and Andrew Charters with *Elizabeth Silsbee*, to Buck McClellan's *Shadow* (based on an EC12 hull), Marty Hayes *Lady Jane* schooner and George Surgent's Sharpie Schooner (smallest of the large schooners at just over 51").

Buck McClellan with *Shadow* showed the way with a win in the first race, but George Surgent with his Sharpie Schooner and Marty Hayes with *Lady Jane* were able to win the next two heats respectively in the morning's heat racing. Saturday afternoon brought even more wind and the skippers decided to wait the weather out until Sunday morning.

Sunday's weather forecast was for even stronger winds but the conditions in the cove looked sailable, so the large schooners launched for three more races. Marty Hayes won the first race, followed by Andrew Charters winning the second race, and another win in the last race by George Surgent.

When the final results were tallied George Surgent had won the class with 11.5

points. Andrew Charters was second with 12.75 points, and Marty Hayes was third with 17.5 points. One of the key reasons for George's win this year was the ability of his Sharpie Schooner to plane downwind. This ability gave George a tremendous advantage as the first leg was downwind, and it was not unusual to see the Sharpie Schooner at the front by the first mark. The Sharpie was not as quick as the others upwind, however, and many of the heats saw a lot of "come from behind" from the others on the upwind legs.

The Skipjack class was the largest class in the regatta with 11 boats starting the first race. The Skipjacks sailed the second heat of the morning on Saturday, and having seen the wind conditions of 10-15kts with gusts to 20kts on the course during the large schooner race, they knew they were in for some tough sailing due to these strong winds. By the end of the morning's racing three boats had already withdrawn due to equipment or boat problems such as a broken bowsprit and a destroyed sail winch servo. By the end of the afternoon heats on Saturday three more boats were out, leaving only five boats to start the final race on Saturday afternoon. The wind moderated somewhat on Sunday morning and the fleet was back up to seven starters for the last two races.

Skipjacks are challenging boats to sail even when the wind conditions are an optimum 5-10kts, but when you have much stronger winds they take on a mind of their own. Boats being knocked flat on the water and boats rounding up due to gusts at the wrong time gave the Skipjack skippers some of the greatest challenges of the regatta. All the starts were downwind and trying to see the first mark with a sea of white sails on both tacks effectively blocking the mark from view took a lot of concentration to make the decision when to turn for the mark. There were many collisions and entanglements, making a lot of work for the chase boat crew. Avoiding the raft-ups was key to getting a good finishing result.

Consistent sailing and having a strong boat also meant a good result for this regatta. Rich Navickas proved to have the right combination of both to win the class with three race wins and a total of 11.25 points for seven races. Tommy Younger was second with one race win and 30.5 total points, and Charlie Roden, sailing his Skipjack in it's first regatta, was third with 40 total points. Richard Rogers started the regatta well up the field in the first two races but a broken boat caused him to scratch from the regatta.

Tommy Younger offered Richard his spare boat and Richard sailed her well enough to have scored second place in total points. However, having sailed two separate boats disqualified him from the final standings.

Extreme wind conditions affected all classes racing on Saturday. During strong wind gusts a number of boats experienced gear failures and loss of control resulting in "entanglements" with other boats or worse, dock pilings!! Needless to say the guys manning the chase boat were not bored. Afternoon races for schooners were canceled by a nearly unanimous vote of the skippers. The nine Vintage "M" skippers, however, voted to "go for it!" Was this decision an expression of unthinking bravado or just well-placed confidence in their little sloops? The later proved to be true. The VMs proved themselves the best suited to survive the treacherous wind gusts that afternoon.

This is not to say there weren't any sail dunking knockdowns or brief episodes of

uncontrolled flight. All in all they did very well, providing spectators an exciting exhibition of R/C model boat handling in extreme conditions. Seven of the nine boats entered in the competitions completed all three afternoon races despite the conditions. Six races in all were held including three held earlier Saturday morning. Al Suydam's *Cheerio II* sailed away with first place honors finishing first in five of the races. Second place went to "Big" Joe Cieri and third place went to "Little" Joe Cieri.

As mentioned earlier, the ten schooner captains decided not to sail Saturday afternoon. Their decision, influenced by the sound of crunching wood during the earlier Skipjack races, reflected an appreciation of their beautiful schooner models complexities and limitations. In other words, they knew how hard it would be to untangle long bowsprits and overhanging booms while hanging over the side of a rowboat in strong gusting winds without damaging the nice

scale details on many of these boats. It was the right decision. Nonetheless, schooners were able to compete in six races, three in Saturday morning's gusty winds and three on Sunday morning's much milder conditions. Five of the ten were nifty little Sharpie Schooners that made such an impression on the Pratt brothers that it looks like they will be building eight of them with their model club in Ohio this winter. The final results of the races are as follows. "Big" Joe Cieri took first place honors with three firsts and three seconds. Al Suydam finished second and Ned Lakeman placed third.

Special Awards presented were as follows:

Marshall Croff Sportsmanship Award: David Querin, Youngstown, Ohio

USVMYG Craftsmanship Award: Thomas Pratt, Morrow, Ohio

Longest Distance Traveled from Home Award: Ned and Jackie Lakema, W. Ossipee, New Hampshire.



A clean start for the Vintage M Class between puffs! Ed Hoffman veers off course in a gust. John Henson throws a big bow wave. (Marla Surgent Photo)



The ladies of the Powder Puff Regatta in action! (Bob Hall Photo)



The chase boat in action. (Bob Hall Photo)

Skipjacks get off the line. (Bob Hall Photo)



Schooners rounding the first mark. (Marla Surgent Photo)



"Where are the Dovekies?" asked Norm Wolf in his May *Shallow Water Sailor's* article about the 2006 Raid Finland. After just finishing the 2006 Shipyard School Raid, a 90-mile rowing and sailing race from Gabriola Island, British Columbia, to Port Townsend, Washington, in our Dovekie Firefly, I thought I'd share some thoughts with you about the experience and answer that question.

Like many of you, I was fascinated by the *WoodenBoat* article on the Raid Finland and more than mildly intrigued by the listing of a British Columbia Raid among upcoming events. I could get a boat there from Jackson Hole, Wyoming! Tad Roberts, the naval architect who has organized the Shipyard School Raid, was kind enough to allow a fiberglass Dovekie to participate in what was otherwise a wooden boat fleet. This Raid emphasizes traditional wooden boat designs and finishes at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival.

We were not the fastest in the fleet. A glance at the standings on the Raid website, www.shipyardraid.ca, shows that we were never last but usually within a place or two of it, and our most glorious finish was a fourth. The winner was noted designer Ron Mueller's *Mother Merry*, an 18' descendant of his Merry Wherry with twin sliding-seat rowing stations and a lug sail, designed specifically for this race. Nonetheless, we finished every leg of the 90-mile race despite strong tidal currents and headwinds (or no wind) most days. Not all entries did, requiring tows from support boats. Gary Powell's article in the Summer 2006 *Ash Breeze* (www.tscanet.com) about his experience in the 2005 Shipyard Raid with far different weather conditions reminds one that there is no perfect boat for a race like this, but rather different boats suited for different conditions.

So what was it like to row a Dovekie 80 miles in a week? Surprisingly good, with the help of a few modifications. My wife Mary (in her 40s) and I (52) are bicyclists and skiers but not recreational rowers and I knew that a sliding seat arrangement for the Dovekie would go a long way towards making extended rowing possible. Is this traditional? Sliding seats for rowing were invented in 1870, so at least they've been around for over 130 years.

Other than this one modification, I really was interested in taking the Dovekie on a Raid as we usually use her. The wooden 13' Whitehall-style wherry I built would have been a more conforming choice of boat and I believe that my 20' Tornado catamaran (if fitted with sweep oars) would be unbeatable, but shallow water sailors understand the fun and comfort of sailing and sleeping in a Dovekie.

The sliding seat set-up took a lot of thought and consideration of different options, but I'll simply tell you what I discovered and what I eventually did. The good

Shipyard School Raid 2006

By Bill Neal

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

news is that the dimensions of the stock Dovekie (distance between oarlocks, space available for the oars, seat height, space between the storage bins, and aft hatch opening size) easily accommodate a sliding seat rowing rig of one's own manufacture.

The Raid boats and other rowboats with sliding seat rigs that I have seen all utilize Piantadosi components, the entire rowing unit or the central sliding "I" beam unit with oarlocks mounted to the gunwales if the beam is right. The latter would have worked but I wanted no through hull fastenings or fastenings to the bilge surface and I wanted to be able to remove and store the rig easily for sleeping aboard the boat. In addition, I wanted no metal frame pieces bolted to fiberglass, hoping that the inevitable wear would occur to replaceable wood components rather than fiberglass. I also didn't want to mount new oarlocks if I didn't have to.

The carbon fiber/graphite oars were ordered from Concept 2. John Peinert of Concept 2 was interested and very helpful in sorting through the many options available. In consideration of potentially rough conditions rather than the flatwater for which most sculling oars are intended, I ordered medium Macon blades of their standard layup and zero degrees pitch, used the length of the existing wooden oars (9'), inboard length of 32.5" without handle overlap, medium shaft stiffness, medium green grips, and their standard green plastic oar sleeves. The best news here is that the oar sleeves (which maintain the orientation of the oar with flat surfaces yet allows feathering) fit pretty well in the standard stainless oarlock of the Dovekie.

The one difficulty here is that the plastic sleeve does bind in the stainless tubing at the limits of travel and one needs to get used to using a somewhat shorter stroke. I believe there is some rationale for using a higher cadence and shorter stroke with a hull like Dovekie's anyway, so we lived with this. An associated issue is that the length of the aft hatch limits the excursion of the sliding seat but coincidentally this range just fit the limited arc that the oarlocks permitted. My seat was 10" fore and aft and I used 32" rails, the resultant 22" of travel doesn't sound like much but is enough to allow the use of one's legs instead of back and arms for hours of rowing.

My sliding seat cushion was 2½" thick, constructed with a base layer of firm foam with an inch of temperpedic-type foam over it, covered with Sunbrella. This was comfortable, but after a few days we also needed to change to our stretchy biking shorts to pre-

vent chafe. These, along with our biking gloves, did not help out our "traditional wooden boat" credibility status, however.

I chose to mount the rails on the storage bins, the sides aren't parallel so the rails need shims. I bought plans and hardware for a sliding seat assembly from Glen-L Marine but ended up using the plans only to get an idea of standard dimensions. I ended up using only a few of the parts, but living in Wyoming I couldn't stroll down to the chandlery for sheaves and stainless fittings.

The plastic wheels and stainless bolt axles rolling along an aluminum rod track inset in mahogany rails had their limits. I found that I needed to lubricate them every hour or so or they'd be hot enough to burn skin. This resulted in a slurry of black plastic and silicone which found its way all around the boat over the week. Perhaps grease would have been better, but meanwhile I'll be looking for Delrin bearing sheaves to replace the Glen-L parts. In contrast, the Piantadosi slide and bearings are smooth as silk but require use of a large central beam.

The foot plate attached to struts fastened to the storage bin sides as well, attached by two bolts with wing nuts to come off easily. With the sliding seat removed the area was clear for moving about and for sleeping.

The final modification was an awning over the aft hatch to give the rower shade or rain protection. I made this the weekend before the Raid and was so happy I did. We had bright sun nearly every day and the shade really helped. Two carbon fiber tent pole type supports (from Fibraplex) tensioned in an arc between the stowed mast and sprit formed the leading and trailing edges of the Sunbrella cover, which was then tensioned fore and aft with lines to the mast step and cockpit mast support. I mounted a solar charger atop a similar awning for the aft cockpit suspended between the spars aft of the support.

We rowed the boat exactly two hours in preparation for this seven day race. This didn't do much to get us in shape for racing, but it reassured us that the rowing set-up worked. It also showed us how fast we could move the boat and with how much effort. This, it turned out, was very helpful in estimating how much of the boat speed on GPS was speed through the water and helping decide when to change between rowing and sail power.

This Raid involved a fair amount of strategy in figuring the vectors of current boat speed and sail vs. rowing capabilities. I found that I can row the Dovekie at 3.4 knots (3.9 miles per hour) in a sprint, 3.3 knots for an hour, and can continue at 3 knots (3.4 miles per hour) for subsequent hours. As you know, working to windward isn't the Dovekie's strength, but we found that we could row and sail at the same time in light air, which was an advantage over some other boats.

As much as we love the Dovekie's flat bottom for sleeping, the hull pounds and really loses momentum in the choppy conditions we often faced. Although the crossings between islands don't have the swells of more open water, the tidal rips give rise to standing waves that make uninterrupted rowing difficult with the sharpie bottom.

We anchored in sheltered coves each night, but the 8' tides (high tides in the evening, low in the mornings) and shallow bays required some planning. Crews familiar with the area had floats attached to short

Firefly outfitted for the race.



lengths of chain and line set in at least 8' depth, with a pulley allowing a shore-to-float shuttle line to be set.

Firefly was not the first Bolger design in this Raid. Last year's entries included a Bolger Light Schooner and two Chebaccos. My understanding is that their crews were not happy with their rowing performance and these boats did not return to the race this year. I would happily race the Dovekie again next year which is, undoubtedly, more likely due to the sliding seat than any superiority of boat design or crew capabilities. My wife Mary is insisting we build a faster boat for 2007 but her competitive instincts exceed mine. Gary Powell in his article reports 25kt winds during the 2005 Raid, in rough seas and that kind of breeze I'd prefer to be in the Dovekie rather than an open rowing shell.

Naval architect Tad Roberts has really created a special event in this Raid. The emphasis on traditional wooden boats surrounds the participant not only with lovely wooden craft but with people who revere the traditional and style of these boats. The atmosphere reflects a search for authenticity that reminds me of some other subcultures that I enjoy, bluegrass and folk musicians, telemark skiers, organic gardeners, and Norwegians. Think wool hats and pants. Particularly encouraging are the high school age Sea Scouts embracing the tradition.

There is (predictably) an endless discussion regarding the type of boats to be allowed in the event. In the absence of limitations

other than 26' of length, one might expect an event filled with fiberglass, carbon fiber, and 26' hulls of similar shape like the majority of sailboat racing today. That would be a shame.

On the other hand, I'd hate to see sliding seats banned. My wife and I are orthopaedic surgeons, and here's some unsolicited medical advice. If you're over 40 years old you probably shouldn't try to row 90 miles from a fixed seat. There's a reason that press gangs left men of my age alone in the port towns of 19th century England. I'll happily build an all wooden boat for the next Raid, forgo carbon fiber oars and even synthetic line, but without a sliding seat, folks like my wife and me will have to stay home.

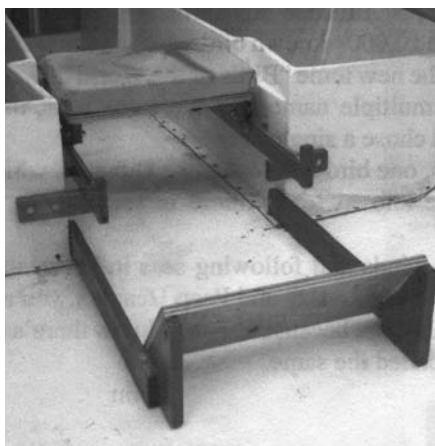
My brother Peter, who has cruised his Dovekie in the North Channel with some shallow water sailors, has asked me to comment on how I was able to talk my wife into doing this with me. Her birthday was during the week of the race so I told her early this year that I was taking her on a cruise for her birthday. She didn't ask me enough questions in advance. Once chained to the oars she was a good enough sport. Actually, I am fortunate to be married to a woman of exceptional athletic ability, strength of character, and a sense of humor. We would switch spots at the rowing seat and helm when the helmsman noted a drop in rowing speed on the GPS since it all feels just like maximum effort on the oars.

I have cruised the Virgin Islands, the west coast of Sweden, the North Channel of Lake Huron, the Apostle Islands, and the

Channel Islands of Southern California in larger sailboats. I usually sail and camp my Dovekie in Jackson Lake in Grand Teton National Park here in Wyoming. Of these areas, the Gulf Islands and San Juan Islands are a more rugged environment in terms of tides, current, fog, commercial traffic, and geography of the islands themselves. This is a spectacular area to row and sail but I'd be hesitant to make the same crossings (including the final 20-mile stretch across the Strait of Juan de Fuca) without the accompanying radar-equipped motor vessels the Raid provided. I'd happily return with the Dovekie alone for a more limited cruise in the Gulf Islands. How great is rowing around a rocky point and through a pod of orca!

The Raid experience is remarkable. Being surrounded by small boats and small boat enthusiasts is a treat in general, especially given the spirit of camaraderie mixed with friendly competition. The participation of boat designers and builders makes for great conversation and a learning experience. Mary and I felt we pushed the limits of the Dovekie and ourselves. We repeat the joke in our family that kedging is about the saltiest thing one can do in a boat. Well, this was saltier. In fact, as we strolled through the docks at the Deer Harbor Wooden Boat Show and the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Show, we regarded the proud owners with our newfound swagger.

"Posers..." we thought, "sure they can varnish, but can they row 90 miles?"




Above: Sliding seat installed.



Right: Crew in position at start of race

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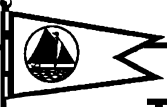
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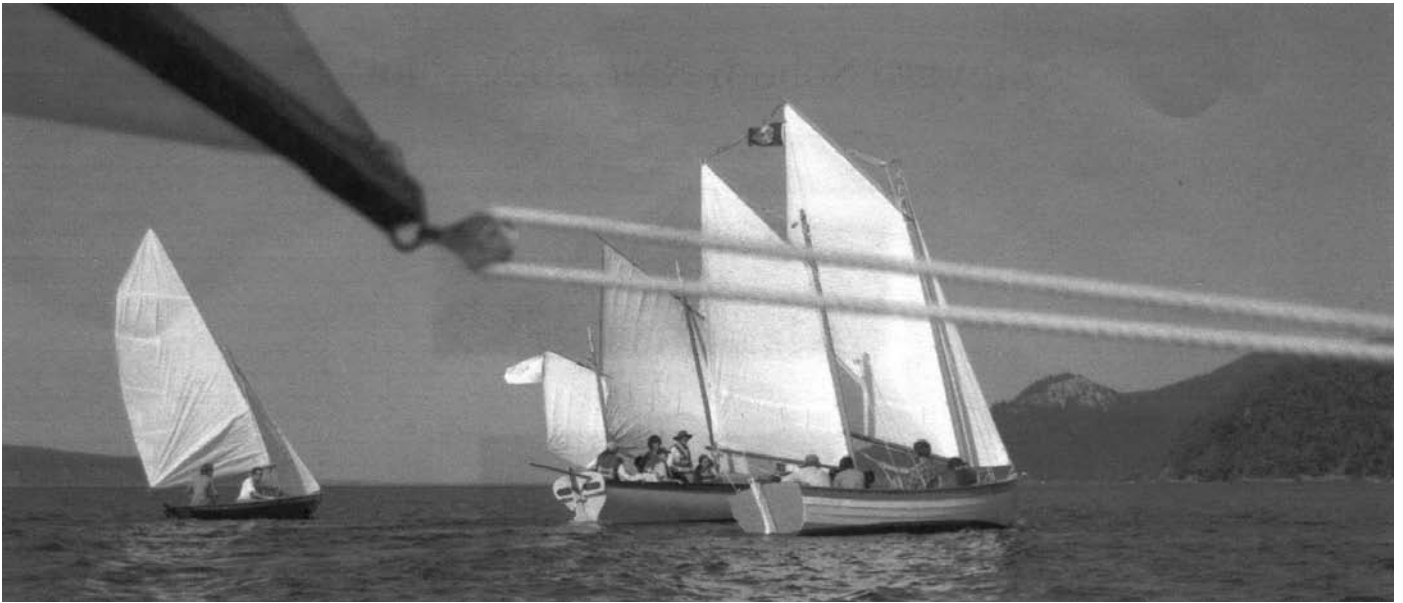
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The race involved sailing...



...rowing...



...resting...

...and settling in for the night.



Finally, a chance to try out *Paddle-to-the-Sea*, my new decked sailing canoe, on a whole day's trip on Lake Erie. I took the day off from work. Joni is temporarily unemployed. We left under sail from the state launch ramp on the west shore of Catawba Island (a peninsula) and headed north with the wind.

The southerly breeze, 10 knots or so, had us scampering along at a good pace in small waves, passing first South Bass (spotting the well-known house made up of the bow of the Benson Ford freighter) and then Middle Bass Islands. I asked Joni if she'd like to stop but she was for pressing on to North Bass Island, as was I. The sailing was beautiful, the boat moving very well with her new sail. What a delight! A sailing canoe in her element.

I'd made it to North Bass the summer before in a borrowed sea kayak in light winds, my arms very sore after the 23-mile round trip. It was on that trip I met a group of sea kayakers from Dayton who used the island ferries to shorten their trip and their exposure. I saw them both at North Bass Island and later when they attempted a gravel beach landing at Middle Bass, ignoring the sizeable wakes from a series of huge powerboats that had just passed by, and performing which I later called "The Dayton Landing," a not very elegant, quite wet, and rather embarrassing shore maneuver. I won't go into it further.

We squeezed past the Sugar Island Passage and headed for the dock at North Bass. We picked the wrong side of the dock on which to land. The beach to the west of the dock, looking like fine sand at a distance, proved to be a series of little beach ridges made up of zebra mussels. The beach was steep, the footing loose, and our landing about as elegant as the aforementioned Daytonites. So much for laughing at inlanders.

Dale Burris, the new park ranger at this new state park, drove up to welcome us. He'd spent most of his life on this island, once the exclusive home of the Meyer's Vineyards and now shared between the Vineyards and the state. He had seen our sail, a rare sight in late October and even rarer when attached to a 17' sailing canoe.

During lunch, sitting on our famous kitty litter buckets (one of the great advances in maritime invention) we plotted our return. East past the far eastern end of Middle Bass, then south to the new, partially developed state park near the docks, then out around the east side of South Bass, and back to the Catawba launch ramps. If we didn't dawdle we'd be back by 7pm, just before dark.

We found the better place to land (and launch) to be the east side of the dock, a gently shelving rock and sand beach, unloaded the canoe and hoisted it from the west to the east side of the dock, re-rigging the sailing gear. I did this last part as I was uncertain if the mast/boom/sail could easily rigged once underway, which would have been better. As we were about to launch, Joni stepped in on the same side as the sail which momentarily caught the wind and dumped her out in 2' of water. My fault for not freeing the sail or holding the boat properly. She was wearing good gear and was not terribly wet. And it was warm. No harm done. Or so we thought.

We sailed along the north side of Middle Bass trying to round its eastern point. Uncertain of the canoe's stability and sailing on a beam and then a broad reach, I kept the sail looser than required, thus effecting a

Marty the Navigator

By Marty Cooperman

Fisherman's Reef with only part of the sail drawing. It still sailed fast but without as much heeling. As I get more comfortable with the boat I'll pull that mainsheet in harder. But we were alone out there in 53° water with the watchful Dale Burris of dubious help in his little car. In the wind shadow of the eastern tip we struck the sail, mast, and boom. De-rigging, at least, can be easily done, especially in light winds. With the sailing gear stowed we took to our paddles and began the trip back.

An hour and a half later we entered the dock area of Middle Bass, taking the south fork, landing at the little state park, and walked the grounds of the Lonz Winery (the buildings closed since the disaster a decade ago when a porch collapsed killing several people) and browsed the state park campsites. No water to be had, bring your own.

Our final, long push. We paddled out past the docks of Middle Bass, then past the eastern tip of South Bass. The southerly breeze was against us and since we weren't always headed dead south, tried to push the boat around a bit. But the foot operated rudder pedals helped me control that and I never needed a single J-stroke to steer by, just what I had hoped for when having her built. We lazily gazed at nearby Ballast Island. I must have gazed a bit too much.

We had charts and a compass with us but, having been out to the Islands so often, it was hardly necessary to check either before setting course for Catawba and our launch ramp. And so, spotting the landmass about six miles distant we paddled to our final destination, Kelley's Island!

It's hard to be a good 90° off course in clear weather in known terrain and not grasp it. But the mind, at least my mind, has a way of making the facts fit the situation. If that land ahead of us was Catawba, then surely those lights we were seeing as evening approached were the town lights of Port Clinton. I pointed out several landmarks to Joni. All was well.

It took a lot longer for us to traverse the distance than we had thought. The little light on the point was our destination, not too close to shore for there were rocks off the point, but rounding that point we had a mere mile to the launch ramp and the truck. Several hours passed. The evening was getting chilly. Joni, wet from her partial dunking was getting very chilly. Just another mile or two. Just another mile. We're almost there, almost rounding the point.

I kept looking at the lights of Port Clinton. They were very peculiar. Aside from the normal road lights there was a sort of tower, very brightly lit. Not a skinny cell-phone kind of tower, but a wide one. What the heck could that be? Well, maybe some kind of structure they'd built since I was last there.

At last, the point, but where were the offshore rocks? And why was there a kind of sloping launch ramp where boulders should have been? And where was the land? As we rounded the point, instead of seeing the state park, we saw open water. This wasn't the mainland. It was an island. Oh God! I couldn't have! This couldn't be. That wasn't Port Clinton's lights in the distance, it was Cedar Point. And we had landed on Kelley's Island.

It was 8:30pm, long past dark, Joni chilled and tired, me tired, too. My spirits were down. A sense of despair overcame me. What to do now? So late in the season there'd be no ferry running at this time of night. We had no camping gear. It would be raining by morning. What to do?

Using Joni's headlamp we pulled into a tiny breakwall formed by wood timbers set in a box-like configuration and filled with rocks. A small crane was nearby. I recognized it. We found something soft to land on. Joni thought it to be quicksand and very gingerly stepped out in her boots. It was seaweed, or what passes for seaweed in Lake Erie. Soft, but not the stuff of sucking sounds and last, desperate cries.

We walked to a nearby cottage, knocked, and a kindly woman came out to stare at us. She was more shocked than we. "You came all the way here in a canoe?!" She took us to her shed where a map of Lake Erie was affixed to the wall. "You're here at the southwest point of Kelley's. Your car is way over there. It's a least 12 miles. Your best bet is to head directly over to the Mazurik launch ramp in Marblehead 4½ miles south. There's a bar a short walk away and you can get a taxi to your car. I can't believe you came in here in a canoe." She took us outside and pointed to the distant lights of Marblehead. "Between those green lights and that white cluster, that's Mazurik." We thanked her and headed back to the boat.

Joni was very cold and tired. She wisely commanded a dinner stop. We ate the remaining bagels, chocolate, and hot, or by now, lukewarm tea. We put on extra clothes and got out the rest of the headlamps. We attached the spray skirt Ron had found for the front cockpit. It was perfect. Joni, with some food and the protection of the spray skirt was finally warm and cozy.

It was supposed to be a grim paddle. Into the wind, tired, sleepy, cold, hungry, miserable, embarrassed. But with a star or two shining through the cloud cover and the subtle gleam of the distant lights on the water, the night was beautiful. The breeze was light to moderate, although still on our bow. As we paddled forward we both regained our sense of purpose and reveled in the beauty of the night. I've always loved boating at night. It's just magical. And now, past 9pm, who cared if we were tired and sore. It was a perfect night to be out on the water.

Our Kelley's Island benefactress was a bit off in her directions. As we neared shore the white cluster of lights resolved themselves into the old-time Lakeside resort community and the green lights into a new condo development. Farther west I spotted the flashing red and green entry lights to Mazurik and a half hour later we pulled behind the break-wall and landed. It was odd to say, but I was sad for the trip to end. With enough bagels we could have paddled all night.

As we were hauling our gear to a secluded spot in anticipation of leaving it there during the taxi ride, a small fishing boat landed. We asked for a ride back to the truck and the fellows were kind enough to offer one. They had room for only one so I went with them, after giving Joni my windbreaker. She later told me she did Tai Chi exercises to keep warm and used the foam pool noodle to roll the boat up from the launch ramp single handed. In 20 minutes I was back with the truck by midnight and in another 20 we were heading for home.

Occasionally I tell someone that I live aboard a boat on the south end of San Diego Bay. The normal response goes something like, "Oh wow, you live on a boat... that must be so relaxing. It must just rock you to sleep at night." Or some such uninformed platitude. Most boat people know there is precious little sittin' around time when there's varnishing, plumbing, wiring, painting, engine work, rigging and sail repair, and so on lodged firmly between you and that mythical deck chair.

Then the kicker question, "How many boats do you have?" That one usually takes a roll call (like a mother of 12 kids trying to get #7's name right). However, to the uninitiated, this liveaboard lifestyle, surrounded by big and little boats to paddle, pedal, sail, row, and motor around in must be pretty much the things dreams are made of. In my case it's more of an apriori assumption.

I guess I was about eight years old when my grandpa's basement-built rowing skiff became my adventure machine. My grandparents were building a house on a small lake about halfway between Seattle and the Canadian border. When we came to visit my first priority was to get down to the dock and shove off for the "open sea." It didn't take long before the resident fleet had grown to include a 10' varnished pram (for some reason called the *Battleship*) and a 12' utility boat. The 12-footer had a steering wheel and a 2hp Evinrude (Robb White would approve).

I was still considered too young to take the "big boat" out by myself. The *Battleship* was really a tub to row for a boy who still hadn't passed the 63lb barrier. But the skiff was mine to command. And I could go anywhere on the lake as long as they could see me from the house. And since that included just about the whole lake, I was in business. The far side of the lake was uninhabited, with forest down to the water. A boy could tie up to those trees and climb past the faded "No Trespassing" signs and see the world as the first settlers must have. Or he could simply cruise around the shoreline, unsupervised, as a boy could do most anywhere in mid-50s America.

Before long the skiff had become a marginal sailboat with the legendary oar-and-abled sheet rig. It mostly went downwind and had to be rowed back uphill. A couple of years passed and I sent my entire summer's lawn watering and mowing money off to a company that advertised in *Boys' Life* magazine, Dedham Kayak Co., as I recall. By return mail came several cartons of thin wooden parts, a roll of canvas, and a set of plans. I was in the boat building business! With parental support and hands-on help, the kayak that never received a proper name, known always as the "the kayak," took shape.

We lived in Spokane, in eastern Washington, and boating was pretty much reserved for the summer months. So "the kayak" probably got wet for the first time in spring of 1959. And, yes, I tried to create a sailing rig like those advertised in *Boys' Life* for Old Town and Thompson canoes. Somehow my homemade leeboard set-up and paddle for a rudder just didn't achieve stardom, even in the sailing canoe world. But, once a boat has owned you, the fleet just seems to grow.

In eastern Washington, and just about anywhere else away from the coastline come 1960, any discussion about boats involved something 14'-16' long with maybe one of those big 25hp motors. At any event, sail-

No, Boats Don't Really Make Sense They're Just Necessary

By Dan Rogers



boats were apparently limited to the aristocratic havens on the East Coast, and some people in Seattle probably knew about sailing. But, for a kid from inland Washington State, the thing you grew up wanting was almost always a power boat.

I remember drooling over some of the big cabin cruisers moored on the Idaho lakes where we camped in the summers. Fiberglass was the coming thing. But, as boating became a big middle class pastime, some manufacturers continued with wood hulls and glass cabins, some the other way around. And, of course, the rich folks were still riding around in their factory built mahogany runabouts.

For some reason, even when other kids my age were fixated on the goal of passing their driver's license exam no later than high noon on their 16th birthday, and hung around while an older brother or dad built hot rods in the garage, I was much more interested in things that floated. Can't explain it, it's just always been that way. Around the fifth or sixth grade the drug store near our house started putting *Yachting* and *Popular Boating* out on their magazine rack. I don't know who else read those tomes 300 miles from the ocean, but I was fascinated by the design reviews and accompanying articles about a lifestyle I couldn't even imagine.

I remember thinking "success" would be to live someplace where a guy could mess with boats all the time. Not just in summer, not just on weekends, not just during the fabled one-week vacation that everyone who lived in a suburban house with two siblings both looked forward to and loathed. Every family had a station wagon. You had to pack tons of equipment, the kids, and the dog into the station wagon and drive to someplace. All I asked was that that place had water and, yes, boats.

I actually had an ace in the hole. My family had a 12' plywood utility that my dad had built from a kit. *Jolly Rogers* would follow us on her trailer to most of the summer vacation destinations. Even in those days 12' wasn't terribly large for a family boat. Somehow all five of us, usually another kid from the neighborhood, camping gear for a week, the cocker spaniel, and assorted boat stuff would rely on an already older 5hp Sea King direct drive, pull start motor to get us safely from "civilization" up the 10 miles or so to any number of beach front camping grounds then found on Priest Lake in northern Idaho.

Once back on land the rest of my family was content to go hiking, beach combing, swimming, and all those sorts of things. For me that was the moment I had waited for all winter. I could have the boat all by myself. And since I still didn't weigh over 80 pounds, I could get that little boat up on a plane. When the wake flattened out, I could believe we were going pretty fast. The side-to-side throttle always seemed to vibrate loose and drop the whole thing unceremoniously to an idle. But after fashioning a stick to shove next to the throttle lever and pointing safely away from land, I could climb all the way up to that little foredeck and steer by leaning out over the side. Not as good as the passing ski boats that had steering wheels, remote controls, and even windshields. Pretty good, nonetheless. But what I really wanted to float over the horizon in was a sailboat.

That first "real" sailboat was an instant test bed for any number of untested hypotheses that neophytes are prone to, even today. At 11' long and molded out of uncovered styrofoam (sort of an early version of the Snark), that boat was no match for another boat messing trait that I have to accept as life-long and unchangeable. While designers may, in fact, know what they are doing and boat factories probably have tested their wares, there's always room for improvement. Right?

Before very long the docile stump mast and Sunfish-style lateen sail gave way to a much taller (and heavier) masthead rig complete with bowsprit and jib forward, an overhanging boom, and double the sail area. The sails were of "Visqueen" plastic sheeting hemmed with duct tape. Of course, the rudder was too small and frail, the dagger board too short. All that needed "improving" as well. I think the resulting marconi rig was stayed with hardware store galvanized clothesline wire led to ring bolts through the hull sides. The poor thing was totally "improved" before even the first test sail.

Recently I discovered in a box of long stored books a copy of Royce's *Sailing Illustrated*. I don't think the book would survive actually bending the spine, now 45 years later, but the note written across the paperback's cover ends with "Merry Christmas, 1961." That marvelous book, a copy of the *Sea Scout Manual*, 1939 edition, and those monthly glossies from *Yachting* must have fueled the fires. Because, believe me, living hundreds of miles from salt water and at a time when most '57 Chevys were still on their first owners, there weren't a whole lot of sailboats around. In fact, I didn't actually know anybody who had a sailboat. So I guess I taught myself how to sail.

It can get pretty windy in Spokane and I remember putting my little styrofoam boat out in the back yard, sail up, and ersatz tiller in place (the rudder didn't work with the boat hard aground). I did my best to approximate coming about, attempted to achieve the illusive close reach, and all the other points of sail. Royce made it all seem doable. All I needed was water.

Looking back to that first little styrofoam hulled sailboat I can picture about three dozen other vessels that have owned me in the intervening 48 years. Some stand out vividly, some not so well. There are probably more than a hundred more that I have borrowed, rented, and crewed. And if I had it my way, I'd still have just about all of 'em close at hand. You see, boats don't really make sense, they're just necessary.

Fair 83° F. Winds AM: N 3 knots; PM: WSW 15 knots. Visibility 5 miles. Tide rising, 5 hours to high.

The Pocasset River was one of seven or eight cruising destinations I had plotted out based on our NOAA chart of Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. The Pocasset snakes almost a mile to the base of Wing's Neck and is spanned by two bridges. The chart showed lots of shaded tan areas on both banks, indicating a wide swath of unsettled marshlands. Such waters were friendly for the Snark because its short mast slides out easily, transforming the sailboat into a low-draft canoe ideal for paddling under low bridges into marshy estuaries chock full of wildlife. Over 40 species of birds are said to breed there. Best of all, almost no other power or sailing craft could navigate these shallow waters.

My five-year-old son Zachary joined me on the expedition. We took our usual posts, he sitting with his back to the mast and splash deck facing me, I leaning back against the transom at the helm. The morning's gentle northerly land breeze gave the hint of an opportunity to run on glassy waters to the south side of the harbor, maybe as far as the Pocasset River, before the afternoon southwesterly sea breeze kicked in.

Our little Snark could not make upwind progress against its foamy chop. We could, however, safely ride the waves home on a broad reach in the lee of Wing's Neck and Toby's Island. That summer I had installed a splash deck which made a welcome difference in fending off the Buzzards Bay whitecaps and the steep wakes of big cabin cruisers. Though we hadn't come close to swamping at all that summer, I didn't want the first time to be with a child who couldn't swim well.

Snark's Superb Flotation

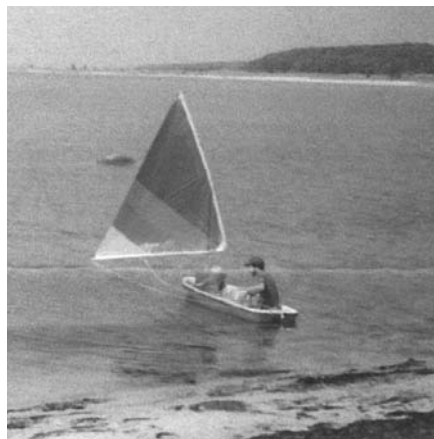
My wife Frann and I had swamped the Super Snark in earlier years. The boat's manufacturer, Kransco, had posted an aluminum plate prominently on the mast partner declaring a 320lb weight limit. The two of us weighed well over this, how much I don't know as I honored Frann's privilege of keeping a lady's weight a secret. Swamping wasn't a serious emergency with the Super Snark's enormous flotation. The hull core was 2" thick expanded polystyrene foam encased in rigid ABS plastic, just like a picnic cooler, so that it floated high even when completely awash with water. This is in stark contrast with swamped wooden or epoxy glass boats which, although attractive, sink like stones when loaded without abundant foam or air flotation.

When we were growing up, my siblings and I had deliberately swamped our family's wooden Beetle Cat during sailing lessons and it barely floated. It was difficult to bail her out once swamped in choppy water because wave crests continued to spill over the coaming and right into the cockpit. The only remedy was to tow the Beetle Cat ashore, beach it, dump it out, and bail it. If you swamped a Beetle Cat your sailing day was over.

The Snark, if swamped, would only take a few minutes of bailing with the sail down, by which time (if you had chosen your excursion route wisely) you would have drifted near a lee shore. I kept a half-gallon milk bottle bailer tied through its handle to the end of the Snark's sheet so that it would always be at hand in case of a swamping. After scooping out the bilge and re-setting the mast we were ready to go again.

A Peek Up the Pocasset (Snark Bytes)

By Rob Gogan



The only really dangerous situation I could imagine when sailing a Snark on a summer day, including navigating her in any breeze up to 20 knots, was in the event of impact trauma caused by a motor craft running into her at high speed. While you could swamp a Snark in high winds or cause disabling damage to sail, spar, or tiller, such situations weren't dangerous, even with non-swimmers in my opinion, as long as everybody wore a PFD and we stayed out of the motor boat and jet-ski traffic patterns.

The Lazy Helmsman

Today, with Zach, there were no such worries in the gentle air. Instead of the usual "elbow up" position on the tiller, the light winds enabled me to rest my head on the transom and my elbow on the deck with the tiller on my shoulder, with only fingertip effort needed to steer. Though the little Snark was slower than a Sunfish, its open hull and low-freeboard transom was much more comfortable. The crew of a Sunfish has to sit up with feet in the deck well, the "lazy helmsman" posture is impossible. Like every cash-strapped sailor, I found it easy to think of many advantages of our little Snark over bigger and fancier boats!

Zachary had a hand on each gunwale, happy not only to be on the water but also to have the uninterrupted storytelling time with Dad. He was vigorously contributing to our pretending scenario about pirates. I had been reading William Dampier's *A New Voyage Round the World*, published in 1699, which provided many exciting scenarios of buccaneer days in the Caribbean and the Pacific. I wove into the stories several familiar characters from television and movies Zachary had enjoyed. The pretending completely absorbed my son, yet in those calm conditions did not distract me from safe helmsmanship. Had I not been sailing, I would have become bored with the pretending after a few minutes. In the Snark, with story rolling, we were both happy to go on and on.

It was wonderful to think that we had time, food, water, good company, and favorable sailing conditions. We didn't have to get back to shore for many hours. We wouldn't have to cut our trip short for meals, social engagements, naptime (as had been neces-

sary in earlier years), the tide, or windy conditions. Today the wind was just right, enabling us to sail downwind across Phinney's Harbor without having to tack back and forth against prevailing wind. I knew the wind would most likely blow from the southwest by afternoon, still several hours away. In addition, the tide flow would favor our going upstream once we got above the Pocasset's two bridges.

We Enter the Mouth

We managed to keep the sail up well past the 300' stone breakwaters at the mouth of the Pocasset before having to paddle. I reached in front of Zachary and pulled out the mast, laid it down to span the mast partner to the transom, and pulled out the paddles. The estuary had been dredged out to allow large boats to moor there. We paddled past at least 100 of them, some of them antiques loaded with brightwork. While I was jealous of the fancy boats drifting on their moorings, I also smugly considered the irony that I was getting so much more exploring time out of my boat investment dollar than the owners of these trophies.

Zachary and I paddled past riverbank cottages, two small boatyards, and the Town of Bourne docking pier. The ideal position for paddling a Snark is kneeling amidships on a cushion. To keep on course I had to keep the daggerboard down about halfway and steer with my hips, pressing the end of the tiller with my backside, leaning one way or the other to compensate for paddle thrusts or spots in the channel where the current tilted us askew.

Zachary paddled in the bow as well. While the lad's help didn't give us much of a push, his spirit was laudable and gladdening to my sailor's heart. Besides, if Zachary followed his elder brother Josh's example, in a couple of years he would be able to provide real horsepower. In the meantime, we share quality time together and it gave me a chance to give him some waterfront experience. Taking Zachary also assuaged any guilt I felt about "messing about in boats" since I was doing my share of childcare and enabling Frann to go off exploring Cape shops on her own.

I took a careful look at the submerged mooring lines and dock pilings, they all wore a thready coat of green. Charlene D'Avanzo, marine biologist at my alma mater Hampshire College, had told me that an abundance of thread green algae was a strong indicator of sewage pollution. I remembered that the head of my grandfather's Lyman run-about flushed directly into the harbor. With all the moored boats, many of them as old as the Lyman or older, plus the scores of cottages we could see from the banks, there were many potential sources of fecal pollution on the river. I wanted to get upstream to perhaps find cleaner water.

We passed under the Shore Road Bridge. The humming sound car tires made when traversing it gave it the nickname, "The Singing Bridge." The bridge is a major demarcation as the dredged channel stops there. Only shallow-draft vessels can progress upstream. It was delightful to have the river to ourselves from here on. We were halfway to the wooden railroad bridge when the hull kissed the sandy mud and went no further. We had reached the limits of navigation until the tide rose a few more inches.

With no further progress possible, and the hour almost noon, it was time to break out the food. I pulled the daggerboard completely out and laid it gunwale-to-gunwale on its housing. This formed the perfect table for our repast. Fortunately I had remembered a bottle opener for the alcohol-free imported beer, the cap of which was not twistable like U.S. beers. I had learned my lesson by scraping my hand on the unyielding cap of a bottle at an earlier waterborne picnic.

Carefree Drifting

After dining, I stretched out in the hull under the pleasantly warm noon sun, head back on the PFD-cushioned transom, scrunching up for a drink occasionally. My cap was pulled down to my chin and the reflected sunlight dappled the visor's underside. Zachary was hungry enough to eat and not talk about our pretending game. The rising tide lifted our little hull a millimeter at a time, allowing the tail wind to drift us forward a little every few seconds.

Abundant spartina grass shielded the banks on both sides, preventing a rocky landing. We still had hundreds of yards to go before the railroad bridge, our only obstacle. The water depth was only a couple of inches, too shallow for any other boats, so we couldn't be rammed. With no immediate need for vigilance, I listened to the hull softly "shushing" against objects on the bottom and drifted off to sleep. I was in perfect harmony with my boat, my son, and our environment.

The Scent of Sulphur?

Every few minutes or so I raised my head from the Snark's transom to take bearings. In between I dozed lightly, sometimes losing the train of the pretending scenario my son Zachary had taken up again. But it was fine as he would pedantically fill me in on the story's progress. "Don't you remember Dad? We already escaped from the pirate ship!"

"Oh, yeah," I said and I'd try to insert a new imaginary danger for us to overcome. The rising tide pushed us a few millimeters upstream every minute or so. After about half an hour we were into the grass on the lee bank where the railroad bridge came ashore. By now the tide had filled in the main channel enough to allow some paddling.

Once the channel turned a corner, we were out of sight of all civilization. Spartina grass marsh extended 200 yards to the trees, which became leafy and dense as soon as the bank got steeper. The creek was about 100' wide here and its edges were 3' mini-bluffs whittled daily by the tide. There was green algae growing even here, well inland from the boats, could sewage pumped out of boats on a rising tide pollute this area, too? Or was the source of the suspected pollution an outfall pipe from waterfront domestic sewage?

I knew from my Board of Health service in our mill town winter home that many older homes and even entire neighborhoods flushed their sewage into the river, often through submerged outfall pipes. Original builders, planners, and residents, long dead, had left no record of them. Current residents assumed that their sewage flowed into the municipal sewage system. We on the Board had been surprised many times when dye cakes flushed down the toilets of waterfront homes made the river run blue.

I made a mental note to make sure we did not get stranded by the tide and have to get out and wade our way through filth to get to deep-

er water. But we had several hours before we'd have to worry about this. Besides, the tell-tale scent of sewage was not present, though there was a faint low tide smell.

The Limits of Navigation

Fiddler crab holes dotted the mud between the spartina grass stems. The Snark's red hull and my flashing paddle must have alerted the crabs to our presence because we saw none. As I stroked the paddle slid against the gunwale, making a sliding noise which before the previous summer I might have thought had scared away the fiddlers. But I remembered one sunny day when we approached a dock built over a marshy shore. We saw hundreds of crabs skittering below. If any of us moved, they ran for their holes. If we froze for a minute, they peeped out cautiously and resumed their skittering. If we froze and shouted at the same time, the crabs kept walking. Obviously they reacted to the sight of moving objects and not at all to sound, at least not to our voices. We saw a couple of snowy egrets who flew away promptly as we came near.

Later that summer, driving off Shore Road, I noticed signs at an upstream culvert declaring the Pocasset River Watershed as an "Area of Critical Environmental Concern" listed with the Town of Bourne and the Massachusetts Department of Conservation and Recreation. The river's flood plain protection and diversity of wildlife earned its ACEC status. Another reason it needs protection, according to the Mass DCR's website www.mass.gov/dcr/stewardship/acec/acecs/l-pocriv.htm is that the river's fin fish and oyster hatchery are productive.

We kept paddling until eventually the creek widened to a couple of hundred yards and got very shallow, even though the tide was halfway in. There was brown mud everywhere and the eel grass was pushed back to the trees. A dozen seagulls stood on the mud watching us. There were a few pieces of rotting lumber but not much other detritus. Three outfall pipes protruding at different points around the bowl were all quiet now.

We had reached the limits of navigation and interest. We had to back paddle a ways before we could get clearance to turn around. Once we did it was time for kneel-up paddling. "Zachary, I could use your help paddling," I said.

"OK," he replied and we paddled down towards the harbor against the mild incoming tide.

The Southwesterly Kicks In

The old reliable southwesterly had kicked in by then and we had a little tail wind to help us buck the current. Before long Zachary told me he had to go to the john. In our little open boat there weren't many options for privacy. One option was to tie up at the town landing and hike a half-mile to the convenience store, but I was doubtful as to whether Zachary could hold on that long. Also, with the southwesterly beginning to crank I didn't want to delay our trip back across the harbor as I knew from experience that the mid-harbor chop would be spilling over our transom in two hours.

So I had him do what I sheepishly admit to have done in like circumstances, go into the bailer and dump it over the side where it wouldn't be noticed. Zach took care of business and we poured it over the side before we got to the Shore Road bridge. Unfortunately

we probably made the algae grow a little greener that day. Next time out I resolved to take an empty laundry jug whose cap I could close securely as our portable head, then dump into a shore toilet once home.

After we passed the Singing Bridge we raised the mast again. The wind was fluky here with all the big moored boats and houses and we jibed lazily on the way out. I had to duck under the boom a couple of times as we paddled. But I could glimpse the flag on the tall pole above the trees at the house by the end of the jetty. It was spanking a salute to the southwest breeze. Once we got out to open water we'd have more than enough wind to take us home.

By the end of the jetty there was enough wind to put down the paddle and drop the daggerboard again. Though its drag would slow us a trifle, I didn't want to be without its traction should we have to alter our downwind course quickly. Once we had cleared the shore's wind shadow, our little sail swelled and sent us up and down the wavelet crests with satisfying gurgles and bubbles. I enjoyed the freedom from paddling but could not lean back with the chop increasing. There were occasional whitecaps ahead which would make a direct route home a little risky.

In the Lee of Toby's Island

On the other hand, we could take the back route behind Toby's Island. I knew Zachary would be happy with this because we would pass by Monument Beach with its snack bar, which sold a wide array of frozen sweets. One drawback of this route was that unless the tide is within two hours of high, there was a mucky portage under the little piling bridge to Toby's.

Portaging the Snark had become a lot harder since it had become water-logged. When new it weighed under 50lbs and I used to pick it up and flip it over my head to portage it. Now it took four adults to lift it onto the car. It lightened a little if it was out of the water for a few sunny days, but never by more than 20% or so. Today I'd have only myself and the lad to carry the hull. But the choppy water to windward of Toby's was too dangerous. Besides, even if we had to wait an hour or two for the tide to lift us to paddling height, we could still make it home on a comparatively safe broad reach.

"Zachary, want to stop at Monument Beach?"

"OK!" he said right away. "What did the pirates do next? And so we bore off to leeward to get to the back side of Toby's. Both Toby's and the mainland shore a quarter mile opposite were quite woodsy and the only other boats we'd be likely to see were water skiers and jet skis. On a fair Sunday there might be some powerboat picnickers, but on a weekday like today there'd be none.

Under Another Bridge

The sailing was good in the lee of Toby's with little chop so Zachary, and I could get back to pretending in earnest. William Dampier and his Sesame Street stalwarts were paddling next to us, trying to escape from the approaching pirates. Dampier was dumbfounded at all the modern boating technology around us and the occasional car or truck crossing the bridge to the island.

"How are those boats moving? They don't have any sails!" I exclaimed with a breathy British accent that stood for Dampier's voice. "And how can those car-

riages move without any horses?" In my poor imitation of Jim Henson's and Frank Oz's wonderfully voiced characters and Zachary's natural voice, we tried to explain to the imaginary explorer from the 17th century as best we could.

Toby's was a good spot for birdwatching. There was an osprey platform with an active nest and at least two fledglings who made a lot of noise, especially when a parent came back with fish. Zachary was getting to see sights I never saw until a few years ago. Though I had spent summers on the Cape growing up, there weren't any ospreys here then. DDT had made their eggshells unviably thin so they died out in all the populated areas of the U.S. Thank God for the efforts of Rachel Carson, the founders of the Environmental Defense Fund, and members of the Buzzards Bay Osprey Defenders who put up 20' nesting platforms as described in Daniel Gerson's *The Return of the Osprey*. Today the chicks were crying plaintively but there were no adults to be seen.

When we approached the bridge I alerted Zachary that he'd have to get ready to raise the daggerboard. Up and out it slid without a hitch. How gratifying! I looked forward to not having to sand the daggerboard that night. My previous sanding sessions had made a big enough improvement for Zachary to raise and lower the daggerboard smoothly by himself. I felt around under the rudder gudgeons, pulling the rusty but serviceable cotter pin to release the pintle. Up she came and we were ready to disembark.

I scooted up to uncleave and lower the halyard, gathering the spars and sail together. The tide was too low to float both of us under the bridge, but the Snark stayed afloat with only Zachary's weight. So I tied part of the halyard line to the bow eye bolt and towed her along over mud and seaweed. No thread algae here, thank goodness. As we went between the white painted pilings we saw sparrows nesting on the cross beams above the high tide line. A car came over shortly, after we traversed with a "thup thup, thup thup" as its tires hit the cracks.

A Treat at the Beach

Once past the bridge I didn't bother to board again and kept towing the boat to the Town Boat Launch. It had a short jetty on each side onto which I stepped with Zach and the Snark in tow. There was no one on or near the ramp as we crossed it. I let Zachary drift out a little to clear the opposite jetty. I was glad the sheet terminated at the handle of the bailing scoop so I could keep a more secure hold on the lad and not have him blown into the middle of the harbor. But we beached without incident. I took the halyard line, still tied to the Snark's nose ring, and without being told, Zachary put his hands onto the transom and pushed with all his five-year-old might.

"Heave! Heave! Heave!" I said as we labored in unison and pulled the Snark out of the water to her transom. "That's a big help, pal!" I said, and it was true, if not physically, then to my morale. Looks like there's another sailor in the family, I thought.

The ice cream and Italian ice were satisfactory, access to the rest room even more so. I hoped the snackbar had been set up with environmentally sound plumbing. We sat on the telephone pole laid on its side which marked the edge of the pavement. This was a good spot from which we could watch the

boat, not so much because I was afraid someone might steal her. Who would bother stealing our patched-up picnic cooler with so many more desirable boats at hand? But the incoming tide might float her and the off-shore breeze take her into the harbor, stranding us. Though this wouldn't happen soon, I knew the breeze would only freshen throughout the afternoon and the chop would test my seamanship. So we didn't linger. Re-hoisting the mast and fixing the rudder, we paddled out to unobstructed water.

The Thicket of Outhaul Poles

Leaving Mo Beach was often the trickiest bit of sailing of any Snark outing because the last slip on the Perry's Marina dock to leeward was very close to the first outhaul pole to windward. The outhaul poles were driven into the sand about 50' offshore to enable boaters to pull their dinghies in to shore to load and unload and then back out beyond the low tide line. This way tide and waves wouldn't pound the dinghies against the beach and erode their bottoms. Once with Josh I had drifted too close to the dock, snagging the Snark's sheet on the uptilted outboard prop of the last boat to leeward. I had to drop the sail and unsnag the kink with the paddle while Josh fended off. It was embarrassing when I knew there were people on the beach and on the dock watching.

Today, Zachary was cautiously lowering the daggerboard more and more until it was totally clear of the bottom. We almost kissed the outhaul pole to windward, but missed it, and with one more hard stroke I stowed the paddle and hauled in the sheet. There was a heart-in-the-mouth moment as we sideslipped a bit while the boat gathered headway. Soon she picked up forward momentum and cleared the last boat with 3' to spare.

Now we were coming into some of the Snark's proudest sailing waters. No chop due to Toby's lee, good breeze to whip us along, crew satisfied, we blew past all those moored and landstruck sailors, going where we wanted to go, well under control and in good trim. It is one of the principal joys of sailing to operate a sailboat in fully correct nautical style in front of a shorebound audience. I knew from overhearing my non-sailing family members on the Holiday House porch that boats and their progress across the harbor were a frequent subject of attention and conversation. But this was not the time for smugness as we still had a half-mile of unsheltered chop to cross and a mate who could not swim further than the length of the boat.

"Do you remember what to do if we capsize?" I asked the crew.

"Yeah, stay with the boat," he said, well-practiced with the answer.

"Until someone rescues you or until we drift to shore, right?"

"Yup."

"You got it pal."

Cresting the Combers Past Rocky Point

Our course home was a beam reach out to the nun off Rocky Point, then a broad reach home. The first landmark as we crossed Phinney's Harbor was a rock in the middle of the harbor. This was marked with a buoy and I always tried to pass upwind of it. Now its head poked a frothy chop that I had in the past mistaken (wishfully) for a school of feeding bluefish. This notion was firmly dispelled by

the presence of a bored gull eying us from atop the buoy as we passed. Had there been feeding blues nearby, the gull would have leapt to its wings to get the chance at scooping up the scraps left in the water.

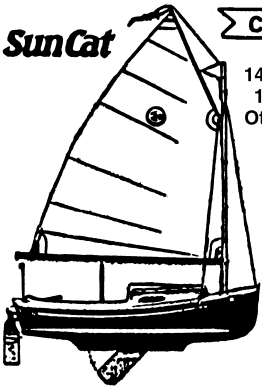
Once we got past Phinney's Rock the whitecaps started coming. We started to heel a bit, and the Snark began to kick up spray. Most of it washed off the splashdeck but a few drops blew back into the hull. Snarks are definitely "wet bottom" boats! I put Zachary to work with the sponge and he dutifully dipped and squeezed the bilgewater over the side. Though the chop was starting to sideslip us, we would still make it around the nun comfortably. I was able to ease off and ride the ridges of the waves, which we found a little drier and gratifyingly fast.

We were doing only a knot and a half, but with a vantage point 2' above the water, it seemed much faster than in a larger craft with a proper sit-down deck. We made it to the nun all too quickly. We were almost home with the wind behind us. If we had had to point into this wind from the beach, it would have taken us half an hour to get out this far.

On a calmer day I would have asked Zachary to pull up the daggerboard to reduce our drag. But there was a weather helm and I didn't want to risk an unexpected jibe or hear a big transom flooding comber rolling up behind us without the ability to turn around into the wind quickly to face the waves head-on. Fortunately there wasn't any danger of this as we ran fast with the wind and the seas. The other drawback of removing the daggerboard was that at this speed, the water would splash up through the daggerboard housing slot.

We were sliding past the big boulders of Rocky Point rapidly, not taking too much water in over the transom, though I'd had to get Zachary sponging again. It was good to know at a time like this that if we swamped, lost our rigging in a gust, got rammed by a jet ski, or capsized, we'd safely drift to shore because of all the Snark's flotation.

Like William Dampier, we made it back to our home port having seen new sights. In our own modern times, my son and I had explored parts of the Pocasset River unknown to anyone without a Snark.



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The International Scene

In response to North Korea's nuclear tests, Japan imposed a six-month ban on the entry of all North Korean ships, imports, and citizens. The 24 North Korean ships in Japanese ports were told to leave within 48 hours.

Extremely low water on the upper reaches of the Hanjian River, the longest branch of the Yangtze, has caused numerous groundings of ships carrying raw materials. For example, at the city of Xiangfan, about 70 vessels were aground.

While Nicaragua and maybe Mexico rethink the possibilities of digging a 173-mile trans-isthmus canal that might cost \$18 billion, Panama voters approved the expansion of the Panama Canal. A set of third locks and other improvements will cost \$5.25 billion and will be paid for by the users. The Canal earned \$1 billion last year.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Storms caused many problems. For example, four hours after a distress call that its cargo had shifted and damaged the hull, radio contact was lost with the Russian timber carrier *Sinegorye* in the Sea of Japan about 80 miles off South Korea. A South Korean patrol vessel was in the general area but could not make contact due to bad weather conditions. Later four crewmen were rescued and a body recovered but 13 others remain missing.

The small LPG carrier *Gita Kosan* was hit by an 8m wave and, among other troubles, lost power while en route from Antwerp to Norway. Power was restored an hour later and the battered *Gita Kosan* was towed to the welcome shelter of a Norwegian fjord.

Fires also caused excitement and deaths. Off Cyprus, the container ship *Silina* caught fire and its crew was rescued by a German Navy helicopter. A sistership took the vessel in tow for Tartous.

In Mexico, at the Pajaritos petrochemical complex, a spark from maintenance work ignited fuel vapors in two empty tanks on the tanker *Quetzacotl*. Eight may have died and 12 were injured.

On the Red Sea, one man died and three others were seriously injured in a fire on the container vessel *Petra Express* when an engine overheated.

And on Lake Superior, a boiler explosion on the veteran self-unloading laker *Kaye E. Barker* put one man in the hospital with burns.

And then there were collisions. In Rio de Janeiro's Guanabara Bay, the reefer *Roko* collided with and sank the fishing/service vessel *Costa Azur*. Eight professional divers on their way to an underwater sewer system being built were trapped inside.

On the Mississippi River near Point a la Hache, the container ship *Heidelberg Express* lost power. In spite of dropping both anchors, the ship hit the ore-carrying *Yerot Sakos* at a nearby dock.

About 100 miles farther up the river at the Kenner Anchorage just above New Orleans, the bulkers *Zagora* and *Torrn Anholt* collided. The *Torrn Anholt* will need shipyard surgery.

In Vancouver, high winds caused the bulker *Westwood Victoria* to drag its anchor and drift into the container ship *New Accord*, punching a hole in its hull above water and leaving the *Westwood Victoria's* gangway on that vessel's deck. Then the *Westwood*

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Victoria hit the empty bulker *Advanced Pescadoras*.

Bottom contacts were a problem, too. The Turkish cargo ship *Transbora* went aground near Novorossiysk, with no casualties among the crew of more than 20, after the master mis-ballasted the lightly loaded ship for a strong undertow and high winds.

In the British Virgin Islands, the smallish cargo vessel *Vagabond* ran aground on the island of Fallen Jerusalem and became partially submerged. Its nine crewmen were rescued by a passing vessel.

In Western Australia at Port Hedland, the bulker *Creciente* broke free of its moorings while loading ore. Tugs soon brought the drifting vessel under control and parked it on a nearby sandbank.

High winds and steering problems forced the cement-carrier-but-in-ballast *Cementina* over a line of sandbanks on the German coast and aground. Three German rescue boats stood by while a helicopter rescued the crew of five. An on-scene Dutch rescue vessel capsized and lost most of its instrumentation but its crew of four were OK. It was guided into port by a helicopter. Two tugs, one with extremely shallow draft, later managed to get a line on the *Cementina* and towed it free.

In Holland, the nearly completed tanker *W-O Tsjoch* broke free during a severe storm and, thanks to the storm's surge, ended up with its stern on a quay and its bow on a dyke. Tugs later pulled it free and back to the builders.

On New York's Long Island, the *Kristin Poling* found that the ever-shifting and shoaling sands of East Rockaway Inlet had put her aground once again. The small coastal tanker has grounded there three times in the last four years while attempting to deliver home heating oil.

Containers leaking liquids were also troublesome. At Brisbane, authorities dealt with a container from the *Xutra Bhumi* that was leaking "Durasol," a Class 3 flammable substance.

At Charleston, Florida, the Captain of the Port (a Coast Guard officer) refused to allow the *Star Fuji* to enter port until a 20' tank container stopped leaking chloroacetic acid.

Miscellaneous: In Australia, the engineer of the tug *Arjuna* was killed during a towing operation off Damley Island, Queensland.

In Turkey, the bulker *Gulsum Ana* dragged anchor and touched the container ship *CMA CGM Orchid*. Five empty containers went overboard. One sank and the other four drifted through the Bosphorus, one of the world's busiest waterways, in a half-sunken condition. Immediate actions were taken to corral the errant four boxes.

The brand new 11,000-teu container ship *Estelle Maersk*, second of a class of the world's biggest container vessels, had a propeller shaft problem while on sea trials and promptly went into a drydock for repairs.

Gray Fleets

The Indonesian Navy will purchase six modern diesel-electric submarines from Russia. They will consist of four Kilo class and two Amur 950 Lada class subs and were chosen over German and French equivalents.

Taiwan received the second pair of Kidd-class destroyers from the U.S. The quartet was originally built for the Shah of Iran.

The *USS Anzio* assisted the fishing dhow *Sinaa* in the Arabian Sea after the warship received a message in broken English that, "Navy ship, Navy ship, can you help? Water, no English." The Navy's High Speed Vessel *USS Swift* (HSV2) came to the rescue of four fishermen standing ankle-deep on the awash bottom of their almost submerged small boat.

The former aircraft carrier *USS Intrepid*, now the centerpiece of New York's Intrepid Sea, Air and Space Museum, needed dry-docking five miles away at Bayonne, New Jersey, for \$60 millions of restoration work. Four tugs showed up and gave a stout pull, soon assisted by a passing 7,000hp tug, but the ship remained mired in 17' of mud in spite of \$1.5 million of preliminary dredging. The U.S. Navy came to the Museum's rescue and said it would provide \$3 million of "salvage support."

Since both Pakistan and China are boosting their naval capabilities, India wants a blue-water navy that can reach from Africa's east coast to the Strait of Malacca, all linked by a satellite network and with marine reconnaissance. But India's top admiral said the Indian Navy also needs safer ships. And Indian Navy personnel will train in the U.S. in preparation for taking over the *USS Austin*, a 35-year-old amphibious warship. The purchased vessel will be India's second largest warship after the aircraft carrier *INS Virat*.

In Spain, a firm built five frigates for Norway and Norwegian yards made modules for the frigates. Now the firm refuses to pay the Norwegian yards, saying that the Norwegian Defence must first carry out inspections for quality. The Norwegian Defence said that is not part of its responsibilities.

On the Clyde, the master of the small Scottish ferry *Kennilworth* became an unwitting (and no doubt unwilling) participant in a simulated small boat attack by terrorists (featuring boats and jet skis manned by Royal Marines) that was part of NATO exercise Operation Neptune Warrior. A U.S. warship radioed him, "Unidentified vessel approaching on my starboard side, please identify yourself. If you fail to do so, we will open fire on you with real ammunition." The frightened ferry skipper quickly gave the warship as much space as possible during the ten-minute crossing between Kilcraggan and Gourrock.

The Royal Navy's famed (ask seven grateful Russian submariners!) submarine rescue service, long operated by a private firm, is now owned by that firm. It bought the LR5 manned submersible, the Scorpio remotely operated vehicle, and ancillary equipment and their services will be marketed to other nations.

The Senior Service is considered to be seriously understrength. Its 35,470 sailors lack 1,300 companions, a shortfall of 3.6%. But that is an improvement from last year's figure of 1,990 persons.

In Sweden during maneuvers, the Stridsbat 90 class combat boat 848 quickly sank in rough seas while carrying 17. Many barely escaped. The boat was later salvaged by the Navy's submarine rescue vessel but use of all 147 members of the Stridsbat 90 class is banned until the results of an investigation are out.

White Fleets

In Luanda, the 4,992-gt Hong Kong-flagged cruise ship *Green Coast* capsized at its berth.

A passenger on the *Carnival Conquest* disappeared into the Caribbean. Another passenger saw him go overboard from a cabin balcony.

In Thailand, the passenger (cruise) vessel *Siritara Ocean Queen* capsized, apparently due to local floods and the fast-flowing water of the Chao Phraya River.

In the Pacific, a TV film crew filming conduct aboard the *Pacific Star* was kicked off at Port Vila, Vanuatu, for filming passengers without their consent for commercial gain and in spite of the captain's request to stop filming. The *Pacific Star* was the scene of a date-rape drug overdose death during a 2002 cruise.

In the Caymans, the *Enchantment of the Seas* dragged its anchor during a 40-knot squall and hit a moored barge off Pageant Beach. The barge was unhurt.

In the Hawaiian Islands, the *Pride of America* hit a navigation buoy while leaving Honolulu and snagged its anchor chain on one of its Azipod drives. The chain was not discovered until the ship arrived at Kahului Harbor on Maui.

Carnival Corporation & PLC, the world's largest cruise company, was quick to start modifying more than 26,000 balconies on 81 of its vessels with sprinklers and non-flammable materials following a blaze last March on its *Star Princess* that killed one passenger and required 13 others to be treated for smoke inhalation. The company was congratulated by British maritime authorities for its speedy reaction.

The *Queen Mary 2* underwent re-installation of a drive pod at Hamburg. The 270-ton unit, one of four, was damaged while leaving Port Everglades (Fort Lauderdale) and was removed for repairs in an earlier yard visit in May. The liner also received sprinklers in all balconies and the bridge wings were extended two feet.

A judge dismissed a lawsuit filed against Royal Caribbean by the family of a man who disappeared during a honeymoon cruise. The FBI is still investigating the case.

Ferries

A gang of Bangladeshi hijacked a Burmese ferry in spite of shots fired by local soldiers.

The cross-channel ferry *Dieppe* was to be decommissioned and about 25 of its crew, including cooks and able seamen, went on strike when they told they needed A Level standard French to get jobs on another ship.

The Bangladeshi ferry *Baba Shahparan*, carrying more than 125 passengers going home for the Muslim Eid al-Fitr festival, collided with a cargo vessel at Gazaria. At least 15 died. Another report said that the ferry was the *Shah Poran*.

Off the east coast of Africa the 150' *Al Moubarak* sank while carrying 53 passengers from Madagascar to the Comoros. A red flare was spotted and at least 22 survivors were picked up.

The Estonian ferry *Norlandia* hit the dock hard while docking at Tallinn. The ship was hurt but not so for the passengers.

A crack Scottish chef and his sous chefs had a commitment to prepare a charity banquet on the Shetland Islands but fog cancelled their plane's flight. So they took the

CALMAC ferry *Hjaldand* and were allowed use of its galley to prepare the banquet's dishes. The ship's executive chef said, "They coped very well."

Prince William rode one of P&O Ferries' ferries and tried to enter a club class lounge. He was denied entrance because he hadn't bought a ticket for it, it was full, and the guardian stewardess failed to recognize the youngster. A company spokesman later found the situation "hilarious."

Most of the 24 Vietnamese citizens going to market with chickens, pigs, and two water buffaloes died when their ferry capsized because the buffaloes panicked.

Metal-Bashing

Able UK, a British company with a contract to dismantle 13 ships from the U.S. Navy's "ghost fleet," failed again to obtain a go-ahead from the Hartlepool local council, which didn't have a change of heart following a detailed written submission from Able UK's Chief Executive Peter Stephenson saying more than 1,000 jobs are at stake. Around one in five of the town's adult population is out of work. But a fresh application may do the trick because the council faces megapound legal bills if its decision is appealed.

Nature

A British study found that transport accounts for only 14% of the world's greenhouse gas emissions. Of this 14%, road transport is responsible for three-quarters and aviation one-eighth. Shipping and rail together account for the remaining eighth, or roughly 1.75% of total world emissions. Maritime transport is thus the most economic and carbon efficient mode of transport. The study noted that a cargo vessel of 8,000 grt or above generates 15 grams of CO₂ per tonne per km as compared to an aircraft (540 grams of CO₂ per tonne per km) and a truck (50 grams of CO₂ per tonne per km.)

Petroleum, mercury, and phenol pollution plus untreated sewerage from numerous passing junks and regional communities is poisoning the sea near Vladivostok. For example, the entire area of Zolotov Bay is covered with an oily film. Russian authorities are trying to do something but with little success.

More than 100 icebergs, some more than a square mile in area, were spotted in a major shipping lane only 260km south of New Zealand and a Southern Ocean iceberg warning was issued.

At the Brazilian port of Santos, the bulk carrier *Smart I* was exiting the port when coastguard personnel noticed it was trailing an oil streak. The owners may have to pay a fine running from Reals1million (\$466,000) to Reals50million.

Nasties And Territorial Imperatives

The International Maritime Bureau reported that piracy attacks were down worldwide this year. In the first three quarters, there were 174 attacks as opposed to 205 in last year's matching period. Bangladesh and Nigeria remained hot spots while Indonesian waters cooled down although they remain the world's premier piracy area.

Six (or maybe eight) Somali hijackers stormed the Dubai-owned small freighter *Veesham I*, loaded with charcoal, and demanded \$1 million in ransom. That was soon bargained down to \$150,000 but then the Somali Islamic Militia stormed the ship

and freed its crew of 14 in a firefight that seriously injured at least two of the hijackers. The Union of Islamic Courts took over the capital city of Mogadishu some months ago and this was its first victorious anti-pirate operation.

Ten Somalia pirates captured by the U.S. Navy after hijacking the *Safina Al Bisaarat* in January received seven-year jail sentences.

Commercial ships are being increasingly used to carry arms, ammo, and explosives to South Asia and the Middle East. And a RAND report stated that the current focus on screening cargo as it arrives at U.S. seaports is dangerous and that ferries and cruise ships would make richer and easier targets for terrorists in providing the three desirable goals of visibility, destruction, and disruption.

Polish custom officials do not like the 670-passenger German excursion vessel *Adler XI* because it makes voyages during which Germans can buy alcohol and cigarettes cheaply while in Polish waters. A Polish Coast Guard vessel fired shots across the bow of the *Adler XI* but it steamed on, its master later saying he was dubious about the identity of the challenger and he ignored the order to stop because his "duty" was to protect his stock of goods. And three Polish customs officers were abducted by the German *Adler Dania* (a fleetmate?) that refused to stop and leave Polish waters. Both governments down-played the incidents.

Odd Bits

Stowaways were in the news. The IMO said it had received reports of 57 stowaway incidents between July and September. Three stowaways, one dead, were spotted on a Japanese ship by a tugboat at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. They were perched on a small platform above the rudder of the car-carrier *Washington Highway* and had been there since the last stop 16 days earlier.

The crew of the container ship *CSCL New York* headed for Australia sent poor quality photos of a stowaway monkey in efforts to identify its type. Australian authorities sent back a message saying the monkey must be caught or "appropriately disposed of" before the ship would be allowed to dock since the wee beastie could be carrying diseases. The crew reported back that the monkey seemed to have disappeared since food had not been eaten and there were no fresh droppings.

Morse code is still being used. A stranded fisherman on the southern U.K. coast managed to alert a nearby Coast Guard duty officer by signaling SOS with a flashlight. The officer responded by switching the building lights on and off. The fisherman had recently transferred all safety equipment to a new boat and he was taking the old boat about four miles when he ran aground.

Head-Shakers

German shipbuilder Meyer Werft merely wanted to move the newbuild cruise ship *Norwegian Princess* from Papenburg to Eemhaven for outfitting and, for safety reasons, power had to be shut off in a cable over the River Ems. The power company dutifully switched off the power but that triggered a progressive grid overload that plunged ten million Germans, Belgians, French, Dutch, Italians, Austrians, and people on the Iberian Peninsula and in parts of Morocco into darkness for up to two hours. Meyer Werft will try the move again.

Uffa Fox and His Dinghies

A Letter from Uffa Fox

Reprinted from *Fore & Aft*, May 15, 1927



My Dear Billy (Atkin):

At last after so many years I have sent you off a set of plans for a 14-footer. I have only just finished the design so you see she is my latest.

She was designed for De Witt Wines of Chicago and he is going to use her on the Lakes. I am enclosing a photograph of myself busy with a design, a 14' one as the numbers on the sail plans will show.

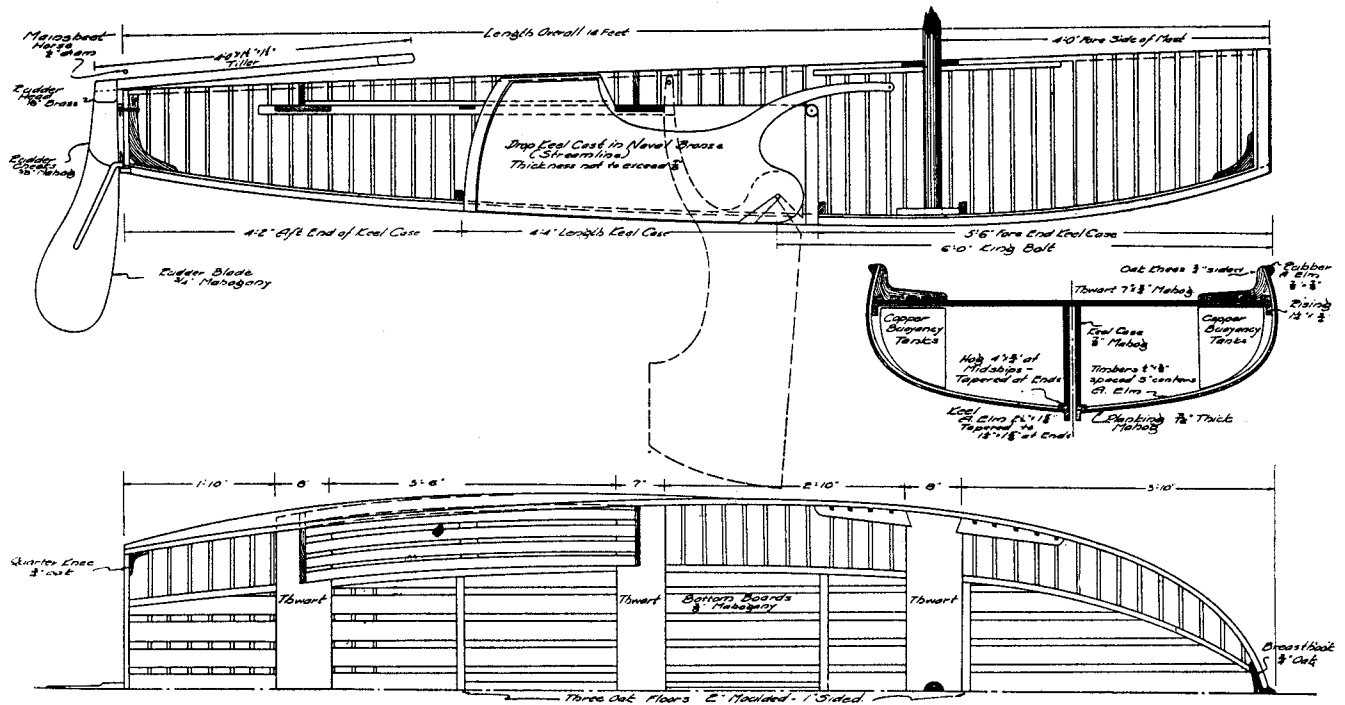
I'm also enclosing a picture of a 14-footer timbered out and ready for planking. I always build upside down.

I now live afloat. In the photo, stern view, you will see at the far end of the shop two gates with windows above, these open outwards onto a drawbridge. The wheel at the right raises and lowers this bridge. I can lower it and get a slipway with a draught of 4' feet or I can raise it 6' above the water. There's one each end. In the same photo on the right in the far corner you will see a sliding door through which you may go to my drawing office, in which the picture of me drawing was taken.

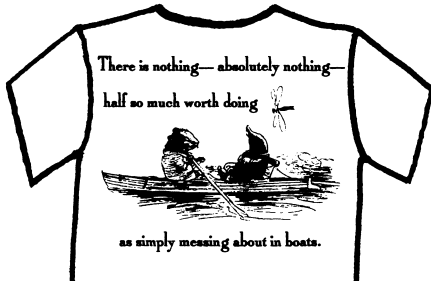
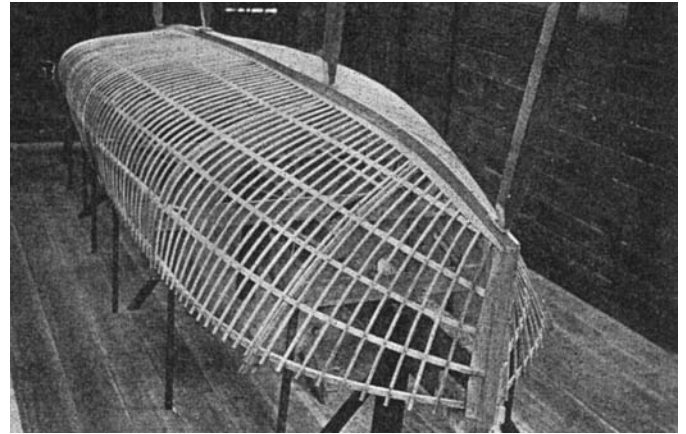
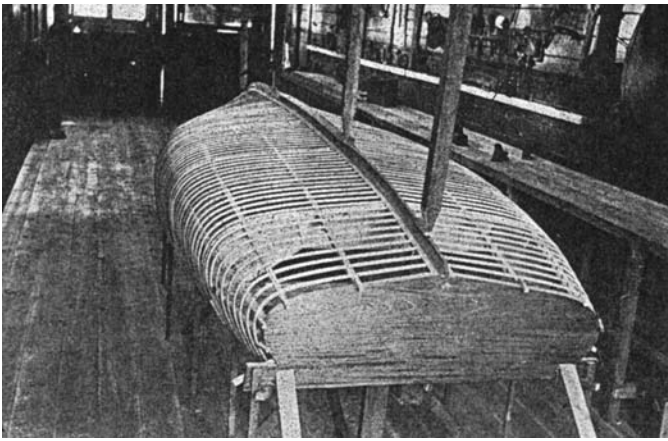
Now in the other picture, bow view, you will see another sliding door; this leads into our three-roomed house where we eat, sleep, and play about, while astern of the boat you will see the two gates that lead onto the other drawbridge.

Perhaps one day I'll tell you more about my wonderful abode. My wife loves it. My workmen enjoy life aboard while I myself would not care to live in a house ashore again. This home is 100' long and 30' wide.

Yours sincerely, Uffa Fox



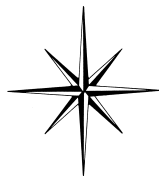
The construction plans show a lightly built craft of great strength.



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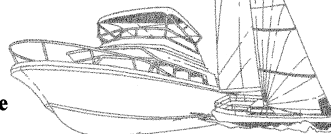
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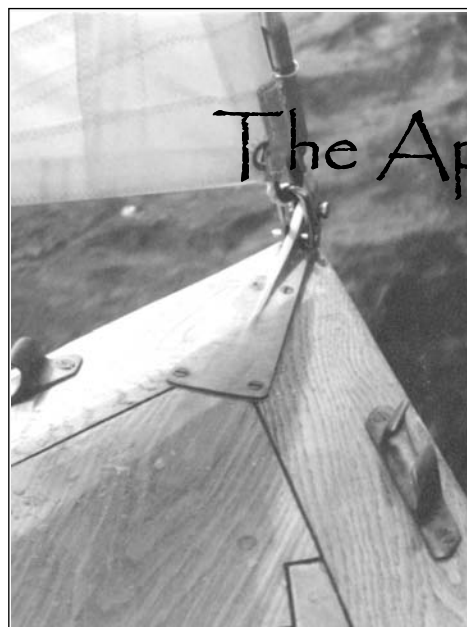
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In 1979 Steve Kaulback rowed a cedar guideboat for the first time and, as he saw the shore zipping past, he thought, "I bet I could build one of these." Since then he has become the most prolific guideboat builder in history.

Shortly after beginning to build his cedar guideboats, Steve realized that it wasn't possible to build a stable company based upon so precious a craft. His solution was to teach himself to work with fiberglass, and later with Kevlar when it became available and affordable. One of Steve's wooden boats served as the template from which he cast this boat's mold. It is with this boat that Steve has become the most prolific guideboat builder in history. The boat is sweet, fast, secure, and beautiful, 15', 68lbs, 550lbs carrying capacity. This boat comes with a pair of soft maple oars, three caned cherry seats, two backrests, floorboards, and a footbrace.

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The Adirondack Guideboat dates back to the 1840s. Lincoln was his law office in Springfield, Illinois, and Teddy Roosevelt wouldn't be born for another ten years. The Adirondacks have always been beautiful, always teeming with fish and more game than a person could want. The problem was... it was almost impossible to move around in the mountains. Native Americans didn't even live there... they'd come in hunting or fishing but then they'd go back across the St. Lawrence or across Vermont or to the flatter parts of New York State. Roads didn't exist and water transport could take a person only so far.



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Then came small copper tacks and guides with the wit and cunning to design a boat light and fast and seaworthy, built of native materials, curved spruce stumps for the stems and ribs, lightweight cedar and pine for the planks. We are constantly impressed by the brilliance of these old guides. They were engineers, woodworkers, hunters, fishermen, story tellers, campfire chefs, backwoods doctors, and they were skilled businessmen. They could plow for a week for a dollar or guide for a day for two.

For their boats they had to make very substantial investments of either time or money. A very nice canoe or rowboat would cost a guide \$50... which was about the price of a very nice farm. Each guide and each boatbuilder had designs, techniques, and materials that he favored. The guide's boat might be 15' or 16' long. A small Raider might be 12'. A Churchboat might be 20' to 22' long. It would carry six adults or perhaps four adults and four children to church... services for which were conducted on the water. We once heard a little girl say, "I bet they never said, All Rise!"

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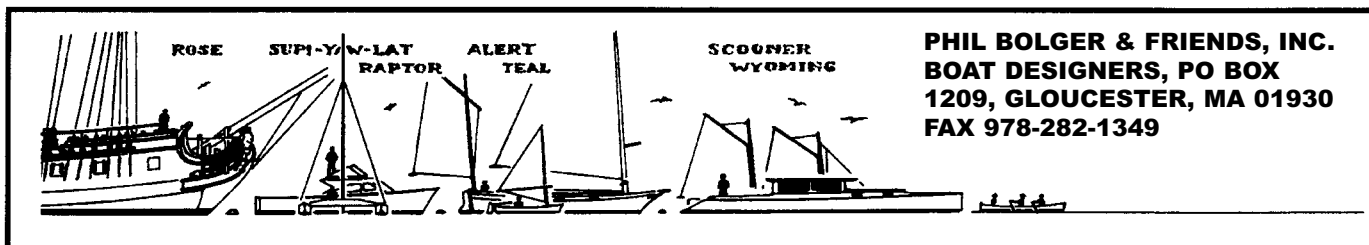
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Readers who enjoyed David Hume's cruise in *Blueberry* in the November 15 issue may like to learn more about the design of this pretty boat. The following is my account of her, from my book, *Boats With An Open Mind* (International Marine, 1994).

Blueberry was designed by her owner and builder, David Hume. I collaborated and had a lot to say about it but I did my best not to tamper with the spirit of the concept, which contrives to be striking without being pretentious.

Part of her attraction is due to her high finish and general neatness. Her owner put seven years of spare time into building her and it shows. There are no unfair lines, no rough spots, no makeshifts. In the "fine arts," painting and scepter, it's often taught that it takes the skill of a Wyeth to avoid a labored look, but *Blueberry* does not look labored to me. She's a busy design but all the busyness is inherent in the concept. None of it is stuck-on decoration.

Hard-chine cruising boats go back to the turn of the century and before, many of them being amateur designers who found the "three-line" plans easy to make, and the straight frames easy to set up. The first one designed for plywood planking was by Charles D. McGregor, who pioneered the use of the new material in the late 1930s.

Once it was understood that sheet material worked best when shaped to segments of cones and cylinders, the commonest way of projecting a plywood bottom was to fan out the lines representing the surface of a cone whose centerline, was canted out from an apex below the hull and out ahead, on the opposite side of the boat from the panel being projected. This produces a "raking midsection" deep and sharp forward, shallow and flattening aft.

This was a popular shape in any case, it's characteristic of the Friendship Sloops, for instance, but in a plywood boat it usually produces a bow that is blunt as well deep and can't go as fast as the long run to the stern implies. If you can make a boat's bow go fast the stern will generally keep up, but there's no way a fast stern can pass a slow bow...

Arguments about optimum shapes for sailing aside, a shallow stern exacerbates the biggest problem of the very small cabin boat, which is that her crew is forced aft where the weight makes her drag her tail. I put the projection apex on the near side above the waterline, the controlling lines fanning out across the chine toward the keel. With the projection apex near amidships, the two ends of the boat aren't so dissimilar and the stern carries some depth where it will float the crew's weight without putting so much transom in the water. I've used variations of this shape in several other boats.

In this case I fudged the projection slightly. *Blueberry* is not a true developed shape, though she's close enough to it to get the plywood on without buckling the sheets.

Bolger on Design

Blueberry Cruising Auxiliary

Design #420
20'3" x 7'3" x 2'8"
3,500lbs Displacement
356sf Sail Area

The deep body aft made room for the engine installation. The big 13hp Westerbeke shown was drawn before the engine was chosen to show the maximum that would fit. She actually got a 10½hp Vetus diesel that drives her powerfully enough, especially since it's immune to pitching out. The prop is in a deadwood aperture to allow the use of a fixed-pitch propeller. My observation is that very small folding props are unreliable, I suppose because the blades are too light for

the centrifugal force that extends them to overcome the friction that holds them closed.

The hole in the deadwood no doubt has a lot of turbulence drag, but being well clear of the rudder it doesn't seem to affect the handling of the boat. There's supposed to be enough room in the aperture to get the prop off the shaft and I've shown a hole through the sternpost so the shaft can be drawn from outside. It's rare to want to get a shaft out and I suggested drilling this hole if and when it's needed.

The long keel with a lot of drag (that is, sloping down from bow to stern) doesn't place a ballast casting as low as it could be if the bottom of the keel ran forward level to a toe just forward of amidships with a steep leading edge up to the hull from there. The sloping keel makes a slower turning boat and probably needs more surface area to allow her to go where she looks close-hauled. Against that, the impact in a hard grounding is likely to be glancing and the keel takes the ground so far aft that shifting weight forward may free the boat. The keel configuration is





easier to get on and off a trailer. I used to think it tracked better in a following sea, but if so, the difference is not great.

At one time I used to make builders take a lot of trouble rounding off the corners on such keels on the theory that they should act like the leading edge of a highly-swept wing. A couple of experiences suggest that I was giving away more in lateral plane effectiveness than I was gaining in reduced drag, so now I show the edges square. I doubt that a square leading edge would be an improvement in an extreme delta wing aircraft because the plane flies at very high angles of incidence compared with a good boat's yaw angle.

I complained at an early stage of designs that were cheating on the cabin layout by making the berths impractically narrow at the foot. David retorted that one of the crew was much shorter than the other so "our feet will overlap nicely. Anyone cruising on this size vessel is likely to be in a pretty affectionate relationship, surely, and close quarters for the feet would be at least supportable and perhaps pleasant."

The easy chair carries out this reasoning, though my own picture of it in use is of the on-watch member sitting there, hove to in a gale off soundings, exactly on the axis of pitch and roll with feet braced against the galley dresser. A passing ship pauses, wondering if the tiny boat is in trouble, and the crewman shows head and shoulders, coffee cup in hand, calmly lifts a hand in casual reassurance, and vanishes below again. During the design discussions there was mention, not very serious, of a cruise in the Davis Strait.

A lot of the livability of this cabin is due to placing the toilet in an outhouse. To use it, the tiller has to be unshipped, on the assumption that other arrangements would be made underway. Given fairly limber users, a boom tent, and plenty of lagging around the exhaust pipe to protect calves, it may be workable.

It would not have occurred to me to rig an 18' waterline boat as a cutter, but it looks surprisingly unaffected, both on the drawings and in action. The 29sf staysail is probably worth more than its area suggests as a "leading edge slat" for the mainsail. It allows her to heave to in a stable attitude with a full or reefed mainsail set. This isn't done much now in this country but it can be a useful maneuver. For this purpose, the staysail ought to have two sheets so it can be backed from the cockpit. But there are already a lot of lines in this rig and it's only a couple of steps, with good handholds, to go forward and guy the sail out.

The cutter forestay supports the mast without depending on the security of the bowsprit. She's over 26' from the end of the bowsprit to the end of the main boom, setting 285sf of sail, a lot for her displacement. Thanks to its long base and the gaff mainsail, the rig is not high for its power. She's a stiff boat with her shallow body and wide waterline, but even so she couldn't carry this much sail if it had to be set inside a standing backstay. I'd be surprised if she doesn't often walk by boats of her size with conventional contemporary rigs.

The big masthead jib is both the strength and weakness of the rig. It's an immensely powerful sail but the setup for close-winded sailing in a fair breeze is more than it's fair to expect of the simple running backstays. The owner has talked of increasing the power of the backstays with purchas-

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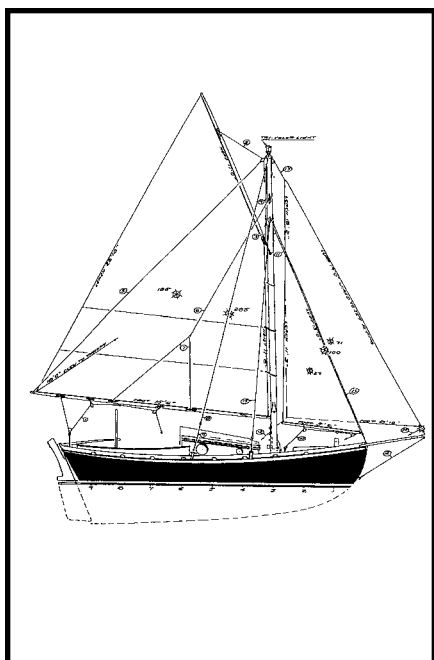
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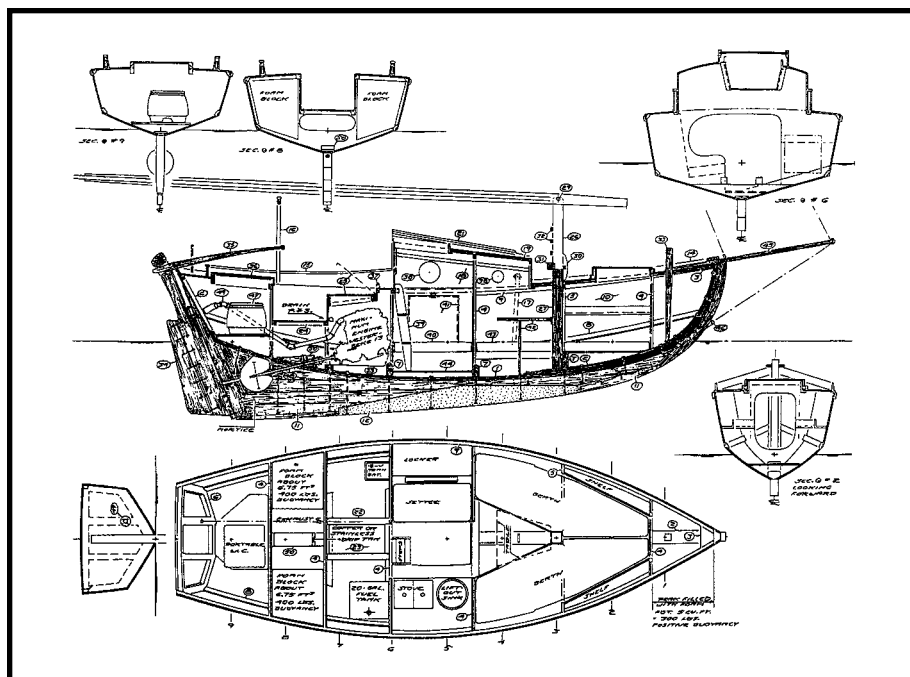
es of Highfield levers. This would no doubt help up to the point where the bowsprit starts buckling in compression. In really strong wind, with the jib rolled up, the reefed mainsail and staysail will make a very stiff and generally weatherly rig.

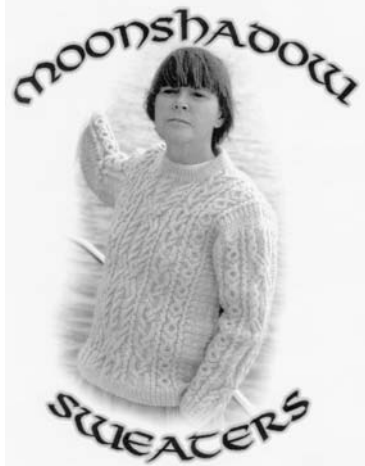
I'd guess that in open water, such as Long Island Sound, a wind in which she couldn't carry her whole mainsail would put up a sea that no boat this size can buck to advantage. The running backstays aren't supposed to be necessary to the security of the mast, except possible before the wind in very heavy weather. Running or reaching in moderate weather they can be tied off to the shrouds.

The tabernacle step braces the foot of the mast well enough to allow the single shroud without much drift aft. A deck-stepped mast would need better staying geometry than this or else depend more on setting up the running backstays on all occasions. Raising the pivot point so far above the deck leaves only 17½' of mast to swing down. The tabernacle is tapered below deck, taking up little more space than a through deck mast and creating no drip. Tabernacles are expensive in both labor and material, and with big masts they create tough problems of leverage for raising and lowering. In this miniature scale the design problem in trivial.

After droning on for so much space about why we did this instead of that to make *Blueberry* an efficient recreational vehicle, it's obvious that that is not why she is as she is. There was a time when taking this much trouble, much more than the function, if any, warrants, would have been called an offering or dedication. We don't have such good words for it now, or such an easy rationalization of the impulse, but there seems to be no diminution of the urge to create something admirable.

Plans of *Blueberry*, our Design #420, are available for \$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





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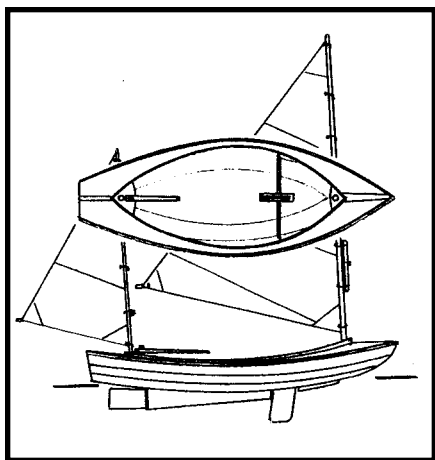


The distinctive feature of Lucky is its cat yawl rig. The inspiration for this design comes from the canoe yawls that were so popular at the beginning of the 20th century. Unlike canoe yawls, Lucky is very stable and forgiving due to its modest size rig and generous beam. The split rig makes for easy sail handling and the ability to self steer to windward.

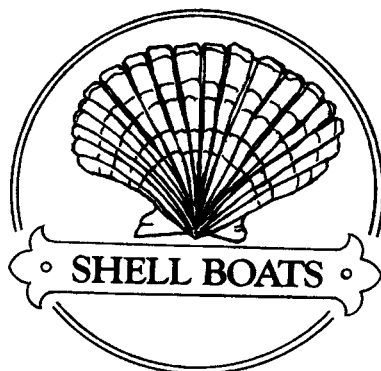
Rather than fixed seats there is generous sprawling space for two to three people. Many folks find this to be the most comfortable way to sail. Flotation cushions make ideal "seats" for the Lucky. Bronze oarlock sockets are standard, I have to say, in all due modesty, that this makes one very elegant little rowing boat!

Whether under sail or oars, the fine lines of the Lucky allow it to glide through the water with very little effort. The sweeping sheer line may add good looks to this little craft, but more importantly it also makes for a dry and comfortable ride when the going gets rough.

This little boat is comfortable and handy either in a 20kt breeze or ghosting along at sunset. Row or sail she is nimble, easy to maneuver and will surely charm.



Plans & Kits Series



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Shell boats are designed by first building a prototype by eye as the Norwegians have built the holmsbupram for centuries. No detailed plans, offsets, or molds are used. The prototype is meticulously hand-crafted and temporarily assembled without glue. The hull is built right side up allowing the builder (and designer) to see what is going on. When it is completed the boat is disassembled and patterns are made of all the pieces. Component parts for our kits and finished boats are cut using these patterns.

Shell boats are primarily glued lapstrake construction. The bottoms are flat (but fairly narrow) and there are three or four planks on each side. This produces well-rounded cross sections with good initial and ultimate stability.

The planking wood is marine quality plywood. Where solid wood is needed a good grade of ash, pine, or spruce is used. All spars are spruce. The fastenings and hardware fittings are stainless steel or bronze.

Most masts are unstayed and folding using a proprietary mast sleeve and hinge system. The rigs are very simple to set up, the boats with single sails can easily be rigged in less than five minutes, although we recommend allowing an extra five minutes to talk to all those people who will lust after your boat and want to know if you built it yourself, etc. We sew our own sails which are included in the price for all kits and finished boats.

Our kits are specifically designed for the amateur builder. You will be able to build a boat you can be proud to own, even with limited woodworking experience. A cordless power screwdriver is the only power tool you will need. Each kit includes all the necessary parts, including all fastenings, hardware, and

sails. An epoxy kit is available for each boat. With the epoxy kit and boat kit you will have nothing else to buy except sandpaper, paint, and varnish.

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Builders of our lapstrake designs will find it easy to "clamp" each plank joint together by first coating mating surfaces with epoxy, then using screws to draw the laps together which eliminates any need for special clamps. Although construction of your boat can be undertaken at a leisurely pace, it is also possible to produce a quality boat which you and your family can be proud of in a very short time.

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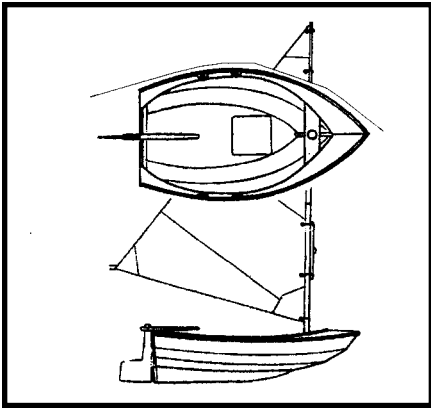
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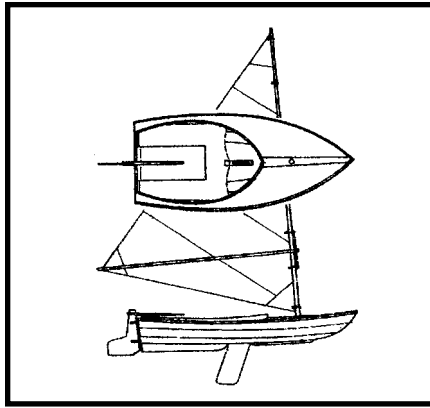
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(Fred Shell has been the designer and builder of Shell Boats since 1983. He was born in 1941 in Detroit, Michigan, the great grandson of a ship captain who owned and took charge of a fleet of sailing ships on the Great Lakes. He built his first boat at age 12, a 10' Chris Craft pram from ai. Fred holds a Bachelor of Architecture degree from University of California at Berkeley, 1968).

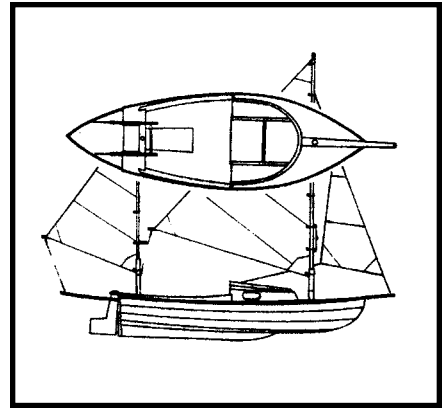
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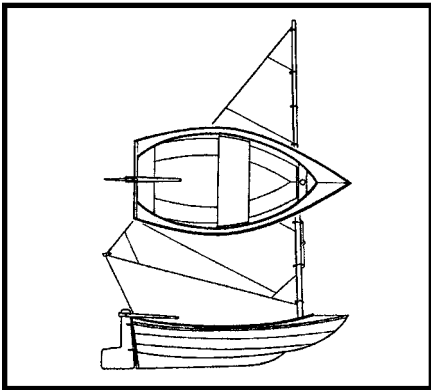
Leif 7
Length 7'1" - Beam 4'2"
Weight 45lbs - Sail Area 35sf



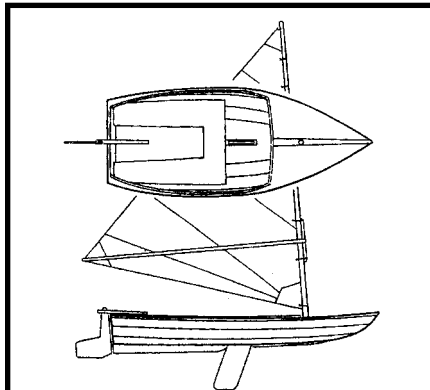
Swiftly 11
Length 11'0" - Beam 5'2"
Weight 105lbs - Sail Area 62sf



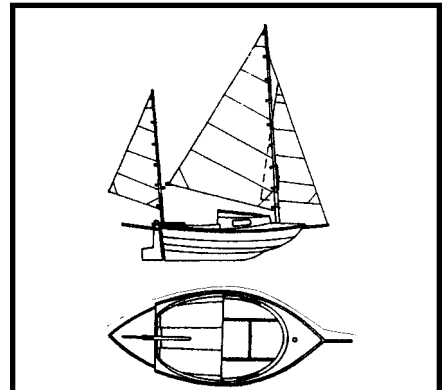
Swiftly 15
Length 15'0" - Beam 6'1"
Weight 325lbs - Sail Area 113sf



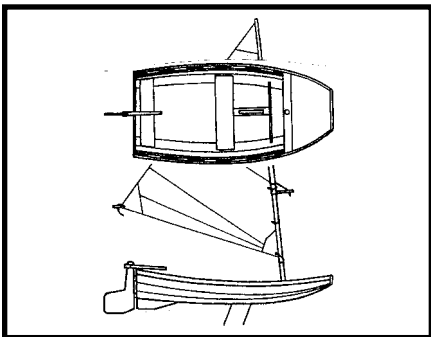
Leif 8
Length 8'0" - Beam 4'2"
Weight 60lbs - Sail Area 35sf
Leif 10
Length 10'0" - Beam 4'8"
Weight 80lbs - Sail Area 50sf



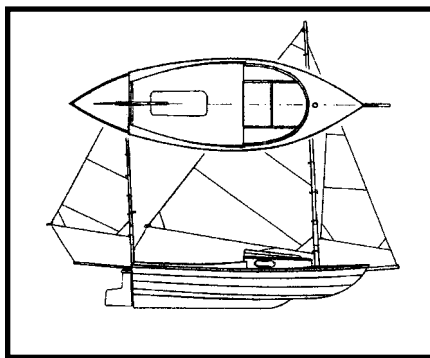
Swiftly 12
Length 12'0" - Beam 5'2"
Weight 115lbs - Sail Area 65sf



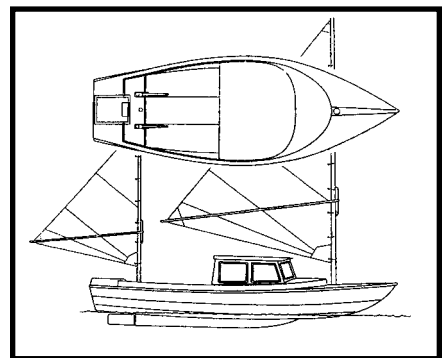
Marty
Length 9'0" - Beam 5'5"
Weight 150lbs - Sail Area 69sf



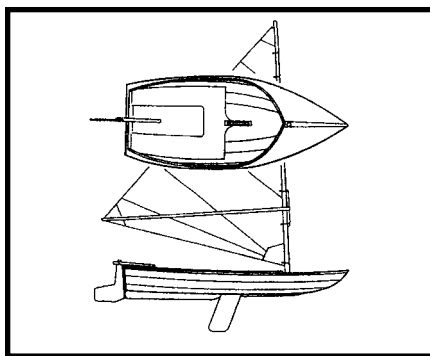
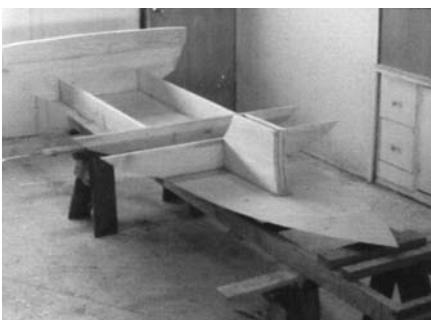
Sea Shell Vlet 8
Length 7'10" - Beam 4'2"
Weight 65lbs - Sail Area 35sf
Sea Shell Vlet 10
Length 10'0" - Beam 5'3"
Weight 90lbs - Sail Area 50sf



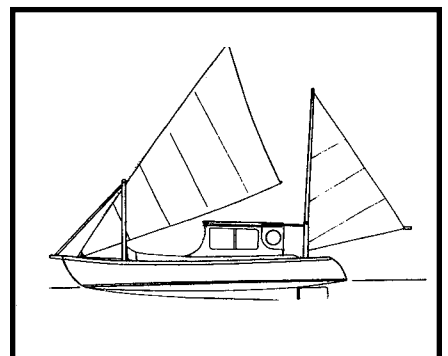
Swiftly 13
Length 13'0" - Beam 5'3"
Weight 190lbs - Sail Area 90sf



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Length 19'0" - Beam 7'0"
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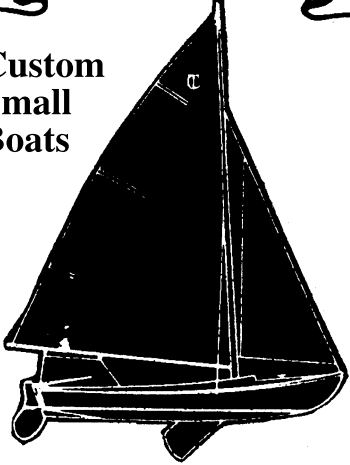
Swiftly 14
Length 14'0" - Beam 6'0"
Weight 165lbs - Sail Area 85sf



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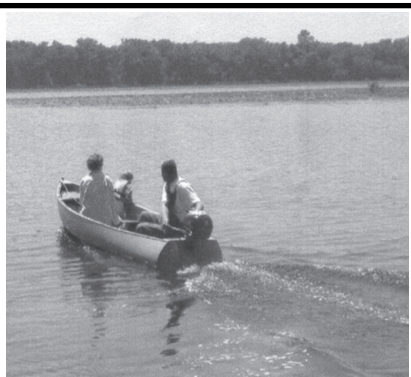
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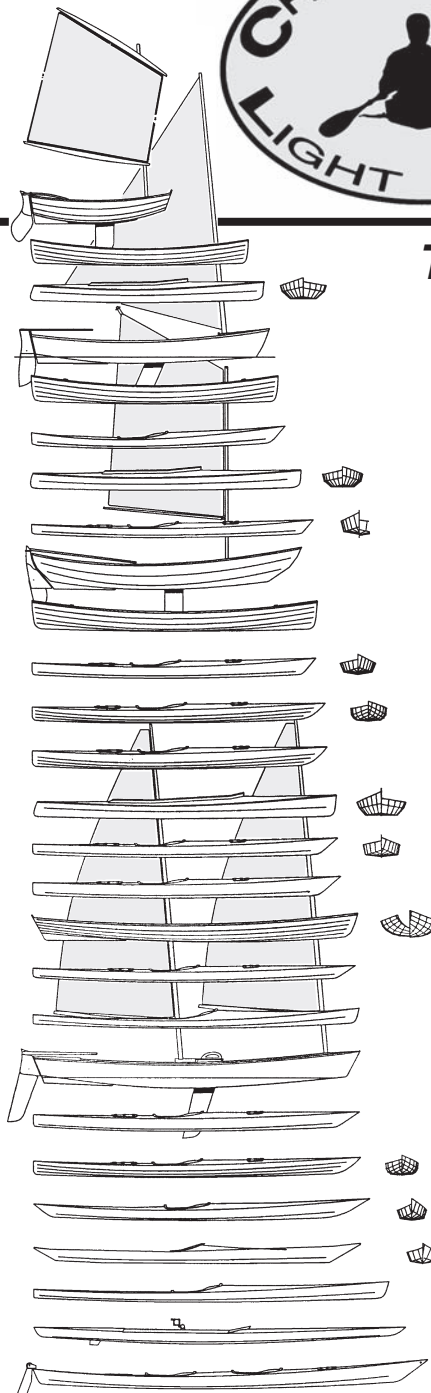
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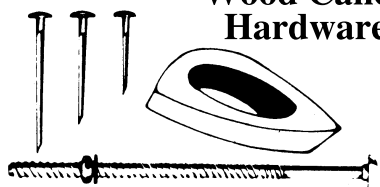
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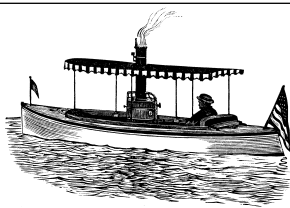
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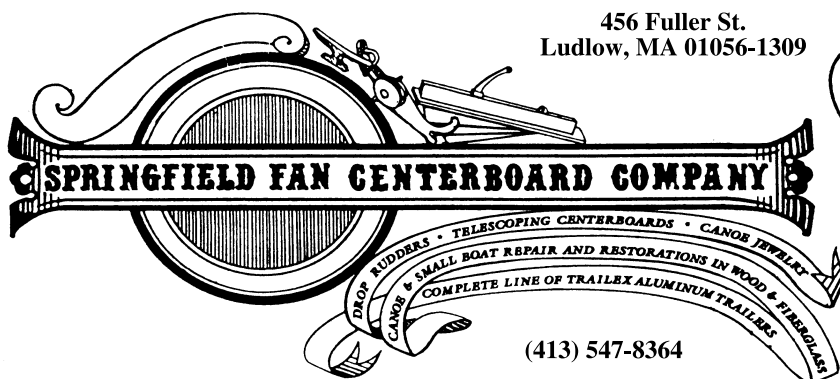
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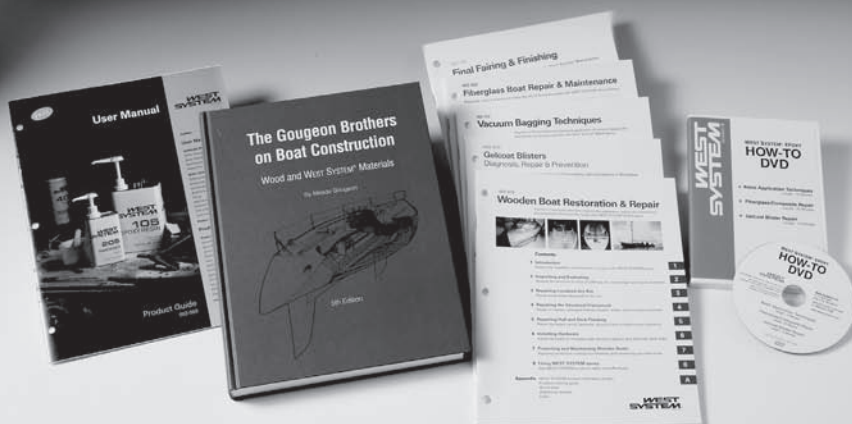
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Kayak Gear: O'Neil Farmer John Wetsuit, hardly used, fits 6', 165lb, w/full jacket, 2pr gloves, 2pr booties, additional used vest. \$50. Wetsuit mtl cockpit skirt \$5. Contoured drop-in rigid foam seat \$5. 3 strap-in backrests \$5. 2 Seair inflatable seats (w/backrests), new, \$10 ea, 1 used \$5. 2 gel seat pads new, \$5 ea. 2 sets flotation bags (front & rear) new, \$10 ea. 1 Chipmunk deck mount diaphragm pump \$20. 4 Yakima roof rack locking raingutter clamping mounts \$20 set. Budget brand (?) roof rack cradles (4) and gunwale brackets (4) \$10. All prices firm plus shipping. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm. (TF)



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

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Sailboat Safety Harnesses, 2 new, \$10 ea. Snorkel Gear, snorkel, mask, 2 sets goggles, hardly used. \$10. All prices firm plus shipping. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Outboard Gear: Bosun remote control w/cables, used, \$20. 4 SS 10" windshield opening brackets (for flat glass windshields), used \$10 set. 1 Airguide 2 1/2" marine compass, gimbal mounted, \$5. All prices firm plus shipping. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7"-55". "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info: ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, PO Box 256, West Mystic CT 06388 (19P)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs. ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)



Li'l Beauty Kayak, with or without the girls is excellent! Build it for only \$85! Manual has photos & instructions for each step. Send \$25 check to Walter Head. HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692 (16)

Free Waterways World Magazines, the best magazine about boating on England's historic canals. Great reading for anyone interested in inland waterways, will provide a wealth of information to anyone considering a vacation on the canals. From the '80s and '90s, but time hasn't changed the canals much. 25 in gd cond. FREE, all I ask is that you pay the shipping. JOHN ULMER, Canal Fulton, OH, (330) 854-3796 (17)

Nautical Quarterly, 16 issues, Numbers 2, 5, 9, 21 (w/ Bolger article) and 36-47. \$65 plus shipping. JOEL DASKAL, S. Pasadena, CA, (626) 441-1420 (17)

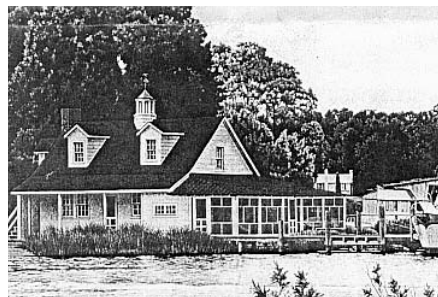
BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Seeking Ideas, for a design & plans to build a double paddle solo kayak/canoe stitch & glue ply panel constr approx 11', 25-30lbs, perhaps decked bow & stern w/open cockpit. BOB OSGOOD, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2839, rwsogood@comcast.net (17)

NAUTICAL RELATED ITEMS WANTED

Nautical Theme Clocks, pocket watches, wrist watches incl items given as prizes or trophies for boat races, presentation pieces given to crew members, etc. VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 6580869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com (16)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



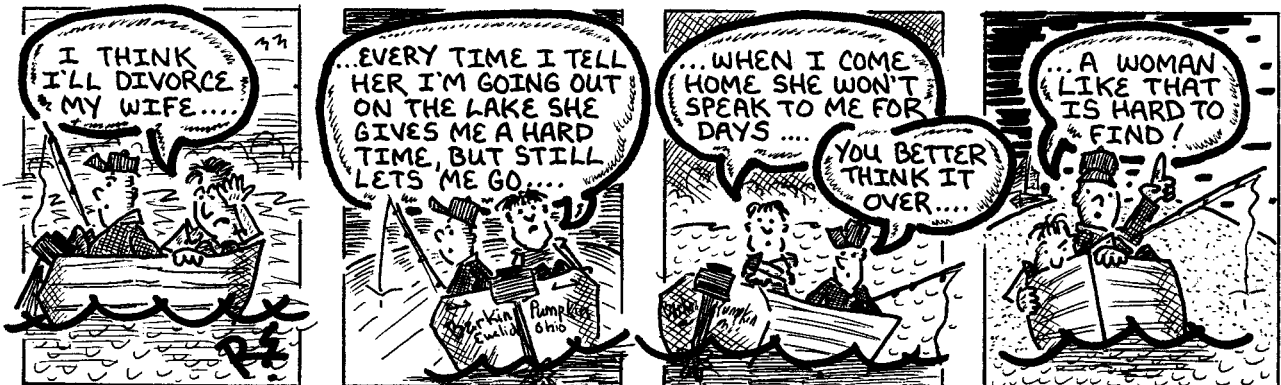
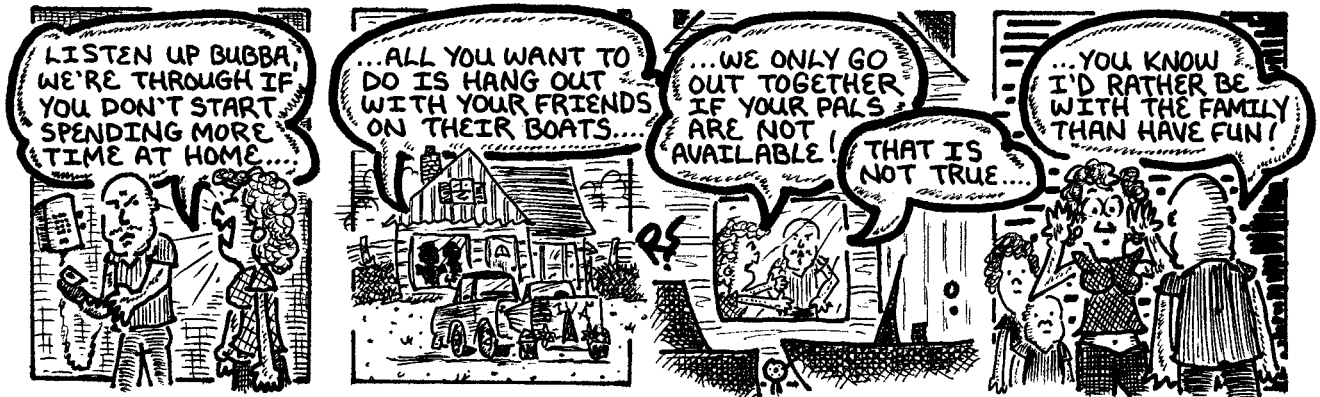
Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

House for Rent in Beaufort, NC, boating town. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, furnished, porches, gardens. Half a block to creek landing, mile from ocean. Walk to library, market. January/mid-May, 2007, \$1,000/month extendable May-August, \$1,500/month. SUSAN SCHMIDT, Beaufort, NC, (252) 728-4240, susu@barney.starfishnet.com (16)



Shiver Me Timbers

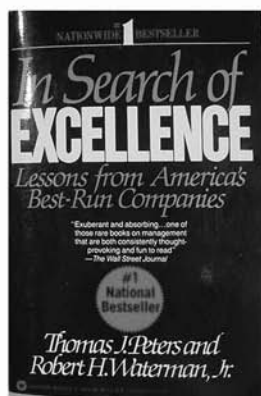
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We've introduced you to Marty Cooperman, our maniac rower on Lake Erie and to Sandy Goodall, our maniac rower on Puget Sound. Next, we'd like to introduce you to , Tom Peters, our maniac rower on Martha's Vineyard and Lake St. Catherine in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Tom is the author of *In Search of Excellence*, *A Passion for Excellence* and dozens of other books on business management and the modern corporation. He is probably the best known business consultant in the world.

The only thing that prevents us from introducing you directly to Tom is....we've never met the man. We've talked with him on the phone, we've exchanged e-mails and letters....but face-to-face.....not yet. He bought his boat from one of our dealers and.....but let's let Tom tell the story.

Steve & Dave,

Some people can live with one of your Adirondack Guide Boats. I'm not one of them. I bought my first AGB in early 1999. I have loved to row for over a half century. (I started, age 5, on the Severn River, near Annapolis, in 1947.) But the Adirondack Guide Boat experience was, well, t-o-t-a-l-l-y different.

The speed! The weight! The style! I loved it. At first sight! I wanted it – desperately – for my new home on Cape Poge. (The tail end, totally inaccessible, of Martha's Vineyard.)

After a two-week sojourn in the Cape Poge Bay environs, rowing every day, I returned home to Vermont. And I soon found myself suffering from withdrawal symptoms.

The good news: an upcoming anniversary. The double good news: One of the Board members of my wife's company is CEO of the Vermont Country Store, which carries your boats

So I begged for Boat No.2 ... to row on Lake Saint Catherine, just 4 miles from my VT home. There is a God ... her name is Susan.

There is a God ... his name is Steve Kaulback.

The anniversary came.

I now own Adirondack Guide Boat No.2.

I row.

I am content.

Best regards,

Tom



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